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ART. I.—*Childe Harold's Pilgrimage, a Romance. By Lord Byron. Murray, 1812, 4to. 30s.*

NONE of our readers can now require to be told, that the nobleman, whose name appears in the title-page of this book, was the author of a satire at first published anonymously, and noticed by us as anonymous in a former volume of this review, but which has subsequently been acknowledged by him, and passed, with his name annexed, through several editions, under the title of 'English Bards and Scotch Reviewers.' That poem made a considerable impression on the public mind, not so much by its satirical complexion (which is too often the only ground of popular favour), as by the powers which it evinced and the promise it appeared to hold out of future eminence. Since its first appearance, its author has passed two or three years in travelling, and in the course of his wanderings, has explored a great part of that most celebrated region of the world, the very name of which is sufficient to kindle in the young and ardent mind, the true spirit of poetry, the land of Homer and of Pericles. Under the immediate influence of the genius of the place, the present poem had its commencement. How must the long forsaken rocks and forests of Pindus have thrilled with wonder and delight, when they heard the lyre which has slept for so many ages, reanimated, though by the hand of a Briton!

The plan of this poem (if it can be said to have any), may be dispatched in a few words. Childe Harold is a fictitious personage, who, tired of a life of inglorious ease, passed in the unrestrained indulgence of every appetite,

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leaves his native land in search of novelty, and, in the course of his travels, visits the same countries, which the author himself has lately visited. The poem is, in short, nothing more or less than a poetical description of Lord Byron's travels, interspersed with his lordship's own reflections, told in modern language (with the exception of a pretty liberal sprinkling of Spenserian words and phrases), and scarcely held together by the fiction of a young baron of ancient days, to whom is ascribed a series of adventures which cannot have happened, except within the last five years. Utterly unsuitable as this extraordinary fiction must appear to the whole design and tenor of the poem, we are unwilling to quarrel with it, because the picture which it represents to our view, is painted at once with truth and boldness superior to any thing that the historical painters of the present age have produced.

' Childe Harold bask'd him in the noon-tide sun,
Disporting there like any other fly;
Nor deem'd, before his little day was done,
One blast might chill him into misery.
But long ere scarce a third of his pass'd by,
Worse than adversity the Childe befell;
He felt the fulness of satiety:
Then loath'd he in his native land to dwell,
Which seem'd to him more lone than Eremit's sad cell.
For he through sin's long labyrinth had run,
Nor made atonement when he did amiss,
Had sigh'd to many, though he loved but one,
And that loved one, alas! could ne'er be his.
Ah, happy she! to scape from him whose kiss
Had been pollution unto aught so chaste;
Who soon had left her charms for vulgar bliss,
And spoil'd her goodly lands to gild his waste,
Nor calm domestic peace had ever deign'd to taste.
And now Childe Harold was sore sick at heart,
And from his fellow bacchanals would flee;
'Tis said, at times the sullen tear would start,
But pride congeal'd the drop within his ee:
Apart he stalk'd in joyless reverie,
And from his native land resolved to go,
And visit scorching climes beyond the sea:
With pleasure drugg'd he almost long'd for woe,
And e'en for change of scene would seek the shades below.
The Childe departed from his father's hall.
It was a vast and venerable pile;
So old, it seem'd only not to fall;
Yet strength was pillar'd in each massy aisle.
Monastic dome! condemn'd to uses vile!

Where Superstition once had made her den,
Now Paphian girls were known to sing and smile;
And monks might deem their time was come agen,
If ancient tales say true, nor wrong these holy men.
Yet oft times in his maddest mirthful mood
Strange pangs would flash along Childe Harold's brow,
As if the memory of some deadly feud
Or disappointed passion lurk'd below.
But this none knew, or haply cared to know;
For his was not that open artless soul
That feels relief by bidding sorrow flow,
Nor sought he friend to counsel or condole,
Whate'er this grief mote be, which he could not control.
And none did love him—though to hall and bower
He gather'd revellers from far and near,
He knew them flatterers of the festal hour,
The heartless parasites of present cheer.
Yea! none did love him—not his lemans dear—
But pomp and power alone are woman's care,
And, where these are, light Eros finds a feere;
Maidens, like moths, are ever caught by glare,
And Mammon wins his way where Seraphs might despair.
Childe Harold had a mother,—not forgot,
Though parting from that mother he did shun;
A sister, whom he loved, but saw her not
Before his weary pilgrimage begun.
If friends he had, he bade adieu to none.
Yet deem not thence his breast a breast of steel;
Ye, who have known what 'tis to doat upon
A few dear objects, will in sadness feel
Such partings break the heart they fondly hope to heal.
His house, his home, his heritage, his lands,
The laughing dames in whom he did delight,
Whose large blue eyes, fair locks, and snowy hands,
Might shake the saintship of an anchorite,
And long had fed his youthful appetite;
His goblets brimm'd with every costly wine,
And all that mote to luxury invite,
Without a sigh he left, to cross the brine,
And traverse Paynim shores, and pass earth's central line.
The sails were fill'd, and fair the light winds blew
As glad to waft him from his native home;
And fast the white rocks faded from his view,
And soon were lost in circumambient foam:
And then, it may be, of his wish to roam
Repented he, but in his bosom slept
The silent thought, nor from his lips did come
One word of wail, whilst others sate and wept,
And to the reckless gales unmanly moaning kept.

The wild and unlicensed enthusiasm of character, so much to be lamented when it occurs in real life, although it is so frequently found accompanied by excellencies of the heart and mind, which only serve to render its aberrations more deplorable, is admirably preserved in many subsequent parts of the poem.

‘Meditation fix’d at times on him ;
 And conscious reason whisper’d to despise
 His early youth, mis-spent in maddest whim ;
 But as he gazed on truth, his aching eyes grew dim.
 ‘To horse ! to horse ; he quits, for ever quits
 A scene of peace, though soothing to his soul :
 Again he rouses from his moping fits,
 But seeks not now the harlot and the bowl.
 Onward he flies, nor fix’d as yet the goal
 Where he shall rest him on his pilgrimage ;
 And o’er him many changing scenes must roll .
 Ere toil his thirst for travel can assuage,
 Or he shall calm his breast, or learn experience sage.’

‘Though sluggards deem it but a foolish chace,
 And marvel men should quit their easy chair,
 The toilsome way, and long, long league to trace :
 Oh ! there is sweetness in the mountain air,
 And life, that bloated ease can never hope to share.’

‘Not that philosophy on such a mind
 E’er deign’d to bend her chastely awful eyes ;
 But passion raves herself to rest, or flies ;
 And vice, that digs her own voluptuous tomb,
 Had buried long his hopes, no more to rise :
 Pleasure’s pall’d victim ! life-abhorring gloom
 Wrote on his faded brow curst Cain’s unresting doom.’

Such is the portraiture of a character so beautifully sketched, that we have only to regret its glaring want of connection with the rest of the poem. Identified by his title with the ages of our remote forefathers, with the Child Waters, and child Morrice, of our ancient ballads, how strange is the absurdity of painting him as brooding over the convention of Cintra, and marking unmoved the scene of ‘fatal Trafalgar ?’ Here then let us bid adieu to the *fabulous* part of the poem. If the noble author ever completes his design, we shall hope in some future canto to welcome the ‘Childe’s’ return to his native country, purged from the grosser particles of his nature, and retaining his innate enthusiasm only for the nobler purposes of a legitimate and patriotic ambition. In such a mind,

the love of glory, however long obscured by passion and dissipation, must occupy an important space. The various scenes he has explored, with no common or unobserving eye, must have contributed to improve his judgment, to exalt his imagination, and give a safe direction to the impetuosity of his nature. A spirit which is still awake to noble impressions, cannot have been hopelessly enervated or degraded by the most unbounded indulgences. Reason, which bursts at intervals on its excesses, must, by degrees, acquire a more preponderating ascendancy; and the fantastic dreams of a wild and savage independence, in which the ardour of youth is so apt to bewilder itself, must, by degrees, give place to the no less ardent, but more real, visions of maturer years. Such ought to be the conclusion of the romance; such ought to be the summing up of a character so admirable for its genius and sensibility, that every reader must wish to lose sight at length of those shades of vice and folly which darken its early radiance.

Considering the poem no longer with reference to this ideal personage, but merely as a sketch of what the author himself beheld and observed in the course of his travels, we shall now proceed to announce, that it consists (in its present state), of two cantos. In the first, we are landed at Lisbon, and conducted from thence through Portugal and the passes of the Sierra Morena to Seville and Cadiz. We embark again in the second, and, touching in our course at the little Island of Gozo, pursue our voyage to the shores of Epirus. We explore the coasts of this beautiful region, and, accompanying our author, on an inland excursion, are introduced by him to the court of Ali Pacha, a celebrated Albanian despot. Thence, escorted by a 'trusty band' of native soldiers, we 'traverse Acarnania's forest wide,' and rest ourselves at last on the banks of the Achelöus, the boundary of Ætolia. The noble author proposes to conduct us hereafter to Athens, to make with us the circuit of the Morea, and conclude our pilgrimage by a visit to Constantinople and the Troad. We shall be most happy, whenever it suits him, to fulfil his promise. In the mean time, we shall probably have the pleasure of accompanying him in plain prose through the scenes which are now presented to us in the dress of poetry, as well as those to which he has engaged to introduce us hereafter. Mr. Hobhouse, who was (as we understand), the companion of his lordship, during a great part at least of his wanderings, has announced the near approaching publication of his travels, to the appearance of which we shall defer many of

the remarks which we might otherwise have found occasion to introduce in the present article.

The descriptions of natural and local scenery with which the work abounds, are such as may entitle the author to rank among the first poets of an age remarkably fertile in that class of poetical composition. Such are the very characteristic stanzas, contrasting the external magnificence of Lisbon with the squalid wretchedness of her interior; the beautiful picture of Cintra, whose

——— 'Glorious Eden intervenes
In variegated maze of mount and glen;'

such the voyage from Cadiz to the Island of Gozo, and the evening view of the Leucadian promontory.

We avoid dwelling on any of the scenes before displayed, and pass over to the description of a region with which few are acquainted any more than by name, but which, if its real beauties at all equal those of the picture which Lord Byron has painted, may well inspire the most domestic reader with the love of wandering. This region is the interior of Epirus; and the particular spot to which we are about to be introduced, is the Greek monastery of Zitza, situated in the neighbourhood of Yanina, the capital of Ali Pacha's dominions, or, at least, the favourite seat of his power.

' Monastic Zitza! from thy shady brow,
Thou small, but favour'd spot of holy ground!
Where'er we gaze, around, above, below,
What rainbow tints, what magic charms are found!
Rock, river, forest, mountain, all abound,
And bluest skies that harmonize the whole:
Beneath, the distant torrent's rushing sound
Tells where the volumed cataract doth roll
Between those hanging rocks, that shock yet please the soul,
' Amidst the grove that crowns yon tufted hill,
Which, were it not for many a mountain nigh
Rising in lofty ranks, and loftier still,
Might well itself be deem'd of dignity,
The convent's white walls glisten fair on high:
Here dwells the Caloyer,* nor rude is he,
Nor niggard of his cheer; the passer by
Is welcome still; nor heedless will he flee
From hence, if he delight kind nature's sheen to see,
' Here in the sultriest season let him rest—
Fresh is the green beneath those aged trees;

* The Greek monks are so called,

Here winds of gentlest wing will fan his breast,
From heaven itself he may inhale the breeze :
The plain is far beneath—oh ! let him seize
Pure pleasure while he can ; the scorching ray
Here pierceth not, impregnate with disease :
Then let his length the loitering pilgrim lay,
And gaze, untired, the morn, the noon, the eve away.

‘ Dusky and huge, enlarging on the sight,
Nature’s volcanic amphitheatre,*
Chimara’s Alps, extend from left to right :
Beneath, a living valley seems to stir ;
Flocks play, trees wave, streams flow, the mountain fir
Nodding above : behold black Acheron,
Once consecrated to the sepulchre !
Pluto ! if this be hell I look upon,
Close shamed Elysium’s gates, my shade shall seek for none.

‘ Ne city’s towers pollute the lovely view ;
Unseen is Yanina, though not remote,
Veil’d by the screen of hills : here men are few,
Scanty the hamlet, rare the lonely cot ;
But, peering down each precipice, the goat
Browseth ; and pensive o’er his scatter’d flock,
The little shepherd in his white capote†
Doth lean his boyish form along the rock,
Or in his cave awaits the tempest’s short-lived shock.’
The whole description of the Albanian leader himself,
and of his place of residence,

——— ‘ that spacious seat
Of wealth and wantonness, the choice retreat
Of sated grandeur from the city’s noise,’
is highly picturesque and interesting ; but we must content
ourselves with selecting two or three stanzas, in which the
manners and habits of the various nations whose soldiers,
slaves, or envoys, constitute the motley groupe surrounding
the despot, are pourtrayed with a felicity of discrimination
scarcely paralleled.

‘ He passed the sacred Haram’s silent tower,
And underneath the wide o’er arching gate
Survey’d the dwelling of this chief of power,
Where all around proclaim’d his high estate.
Amidst no common pomp the despot sate,
While busy preparation shook the court,
Slaves, eunuchs, soldiers, guests, and santons wait ;

* The Chimariot mountains appear to have been volcanic.

† Albanese cloak.

Within a palace, and without, a fort :
Here men of every clime appear to make resort.

‘ Richly caparison’d, a ready row
Of armed horse, and many a warlike store
Circled the wide extending court below :
Above, strange groupes adorn’d the corridore;
And oft-times through the Area’s echoing door
Some high-capp’d Tartar spurr’d his steed away;
The Turk, the Greek, the Albanian, and the Moor,
Here mingled in their many hued array,
While the deep war-drum’s sound announced the close of day.

‘ The wild Albanian kirtled to his knee,
With shawl-girt head, and ornamented gun,
And gold-embroider’d garments, fair to see;
The crimson-scarfed men of Macedon;
The Delhi with his cap of terror on,
And crooked glaive; the lively, supple Greek;
And swarthy Nubia’s mutilated son;
The bearded Turk that rarely deigns to speak,
Master of all around, too potent to be meek,
Are mix’d conspicuous : some recline in groups,
Scanning the motley scene that varies round;
There some grave Moslem to devotion stoops,
And some that smoke, and some that play, are found;
Here the Albanian proudly treads the ground;
Half-whispering there the Greek is heard to prate;
Hark! from the mosque the nightly solemn sound,
The Muezzin’s call doth shake the minaret,

“There is no God but God!—to prayer—lo! God is great!”

We would willingly have extended our quotations, so as to embrace the beautiful and picturesque stanzas which follow the address to the spirit of Grecian liberty towards the conclusion of the second canto; but, were we to indulge our inclinations, we might easily *select*, for the entertainment of our readers, considerably more than half of the whole poem. We shall, therefore, do no more than direct their attention towards the passage in question, as well as to the animated contrast between the Spanish and Portuguese characters, the description of the *iron-bound* Sierra Morena, such as it appeared to the traveller a few short months or weeks before the time when the imperial legions burst through its formidable barrier, the animated portraiture of Spanish beauty, and the poetical representation of a Spanish bull-fight, all in the first canto.

The reflections with which these various descriptions are interspersed, are seldom such as (upon examination), will be found to bear the mark of originality, though, at the

first view, they sometimes deceive the reader into the belief of it. The merit of a new and happy turn of expression, and of the highest poetical grace, they frequently possess. Let us take, for example, the two following stanzas on solitude.

' To sit on rocks, to muse o'er flood and fell,
To slowly trace the forest's shady scene,
Where things that own not man's dominion dwell,
And mortal foot hath ne'er, or rarely been ;
To climb the trackless mountain all unseen,
With the wild flock that never needs a fold ;
Alone o'er steeps and foaming falls to lean ;
This is not solitude ; 'tis but to hold
Converse with nature's charms, and see her stores unroll'd.

' But midst the crowd, the hum, the shock of men,
To hear, to see, to feel, and to possess,
And roam along, the world's tired denizen,
With none who bless us, none whom we can bless ;
Minions of splendour shrinking from distress !
None that, with kindred consciousness endued,
If we were not, would seem to smile the less,
Of all that flatter'd, follow'd, sought, and sued,
This is to be alone ! This, this is solitude !'

From the stanza we have just quoted, and from several other very striking passages in the poem, it will sufficiently appear (unless they are to be ascribed merely to the spirit of poetical fiction), that the poet himself is in some respects an unhappy man ; that he has not only met with the ordinary calamities of life, the death of some friends, and the desertion of others, but has causes of a peculiar nature to make him, at a very early age, loathe life in the midst of its enjoyments, and look both on the present and the future with an eye darkened by melancholy, though not jaundiced by misanthropy. He seems, in many respects, to be so nearly identified with his own '*Childe Harold*,' that it is not easy always to distinguish the reflections of the ideal from those of the real traveller. To a mind thus constituted, some apology may well be conceded for expressions of feeling which he has unfortunately mistaken for fixed opinions, which cannot but be disapproved and lamented, and which, under other circumstances, might call for severer reprehension.

The same apology cannot so easily be extended to those attacks on private feeling in which the satirical powers of the author have led him too wantonly to indulge. Lord Elgin's removal of the venerable monuments of antiquity

which formerly adorned the Parthenon and the Temple of Theseus at Athens, calls down from the indignant author a severity of judgment which, in maturer years, he will probably be among the first to condemn; for a spirit of generosity and liberality is certainly predominant in all that we can see of his character. On this subject, we are inclined, so far as our information extends, to concur in opinion with the censurers of Lord Elgin. But let us attend to what is said in defence of his conduct by the friends of his lordship. These very remains, say they, were subject, in their original situation, to the worst injuries from the ignorant barbarism of the Turks, aided by the apathy, or at least the imbecility of the Greeks. It has been asserted, that the finest statues were, from time to time, torn down and broken to pieces, to serve for materials of building or other ignoble purposes, and that, in no very considerable period of time, the Temples of Athens would have been as completely despoiled by the inhabitants themselves as they now are by the guests of those inhabitants. In this view of the case, Lord Elgin stands forth not as the spoiler of antiquity, but as the preserver of its last broken remnants. If we are to judge from the appearance of the monuments themselves, as they were exhibited to public inspection at his lordship's house in Piccadilly, compared with engravings which were made from drawings taken on the spot, we believe, half a century ago, there should certainly appear to be some degree of justice and truth in this representation. From that comparison, many of the statues appear to have been considerably mutilated, and some entirely destroyed, since the time when the drawings we speak of, were made: and we have not heard it alleged, that much mischief was done by Lord Elgin himself to the individual works in removing them, or that the robbery (as his enemies style it), was incomplete. On the other hand, it is certainly maintained, that the assertion of Lord Elgin's friends is incorrect, that neither the Turks are so barbarous, nor the Greeks so indifferent as is pretended, and that the monuments which he has removed, might have remained attached to their ancient places for many ages more, the admiration of travellers, and the proudest possession of the poor and plundered natives.

As in most controversies about facts, it is probable, that the exact truth may lie somewhere between these two opposite statements. At the same time, we think, that it is incumbent on the friends of Lord Elgin, in order to make a complete justification, to shew, that there were no other

means for preventing the ravages of which they complain, than those which he adopted, and which ought not to have been resorted to but as a measure of the last extremity; and on his enemies, in order to make good their full charge of wanton sacrilege, to prove that there existed no occasion whatever for his interference in the preservation of the relics which he has brought to England. Allowing either statement in any degree which is warranted by probability, we think that his conduct neither admits of entire justification, nor is deserving of the utmost severity of censure.

With regard to Lord Byron, much allowance may be made for the feelings of a young and enthusiastic mind, some for the common exaggeration of poetry; but the use of the hatchet is rarely, if ever, warrantable either in poetry or prose, and the courtesy due from one gentleman to another ought at least to have dictated the choice of literary weapons. If we turn from the side of courtesy and view the question with regard to the skill displayed in the mode of attack, the matter is made still worse. In such a case, a penknife might have wounded deeply, while the butcherly instrument which is employed in its stead only recoils with added violence on the employer.

This is one only, of several passages, which the author will hereafter (if we have any skill in prophecy) deeply regret that he ever indulged the feelings of the moment in writing. Nor will this regret be the less felt, because it will never be acknowledged. That would be too much to expect from the mortal flesh and blood of a poet.

The lesser faults of the poem are such as might reasonably, perhaps, be expected from the youth and sanguine temperament of the author. He never fails from a defect, but often from an excess, of the powers of imagination. Of the justice of this remark, his frequent use of the figure of personification affords striking evidence. He employs it at random, without admitting a moment's time to consider of its effect. And if, sometimes, (as in the picture of the Giant Battle, Canto 1. st. 39) that effect is grand and imposing, it is often (as in the instance of the dwarfish, ugly, grinning fiend, Convention, seated on the roof of the palace at Cintra,) merely extravagant and ridiculous. The use of the burlesque in this poem is, we think, not sufficiently justified by the opinion of Dr. Beattie, which the author has quoted in his preface. The general complexion of the work is serious, and even melancholy. The occasional bursts of humour are, therefore, unpleasant, as

breaking in too abruptly upon the general tone of the reader's feelings. What mind can, without very disagreeable sensations, turn on a sudden from the ridiculous picture of the Convention, before alluded to, to the contemplation of *Childe Harold's* melancholy mood, and again to the description of a Cockney-Sunday? The latter is, also, pourtrayed in a style of *hackneyed*, not to say vulgar, ridicule, which could not have been much relished, even in a work of lighter composition. An indiscriminate and injudicious use is made, throughout the poem, of obsolete Spenserian words and phrases; and instances too frequently occur of carelessness and impatience in the turn of expression, which is the more remarkable, as no poet ever possessed a greater facility of writing in verse, or a more accurate judgment of the harmony and graces of versification.

To the notes, which are (much too sparingly for our wishes) annexed to the poem, we may perhaps have occasion of future reference when the work of his friend and fellow-traveller, Mr. Hobhouse, comes under our inspection. Several minor poems follow the notes, and are for the most part full of grace and feeling. We have indulged very freely in our quotations already; but we must nevertheless find room still for the following stanzas, which are said to have been composed by the author, during the night, in a thunderstorm, when he had missed his road to Zitz, the monastery already mentioned.

‘ Chill and mirk is the nightly blast,
 Where Pindus’ mountains rise,
 And angry clouds are pouring fast
 The vengeance of the skies.
 Our guides are gone, our hope is lost,
 And lightnings as they play,
 But show where rocks our path have crost,
 Or gild the torrent’s spray.
 Is yon a cot I saw, though low?
 When lightning broke the gloom—
 How welcome were its shade!—ah no!
 ’Tis but a Turkish tomb.
 Through sounds of foaming waterfalls
 I hear a voice exclaim—
 My way-worn countryman, who calls
 On distant England’s name.
 A shot is fired—by foe or friend?
 Another—’tis to tell,
 The mountain peasants to descend,
 And lead us where they dwell.

Oh! who in such a night will dare
To tempt the wilderness?
And who 'mid thunder peals can hear
Our signal of distress?
And who that heard our shouts would rise
To try the dubious road?
Nor rather deem from nightly cries
That outlaws were abroad?
Clouds burst, skies flash, oh, dreadful hour!
More fiercely pours the storm!
Yet here one thought has still the power
To keep my bosom warm.
While wandering through each broken path,
O'er brake and craggy brow;
While elements exhaust their wrath,
Sweet Florence, where art thou?
Not on the sea, not on the sea,
Thy bark hath long been gone;
Oh, may the storm that pours on me,
Bow down my head alone!
Full swiftly blew the swift Siroc,
When last I press'd thy lip;
And long ere now with foaming shock
Impell'd thy gallant ship.
Now thou art safe; nay, long ere now,
Hast trod the shore of Spain;
Twice hard if ought so fair as thou
Should linger on the main.
And since I now remember thee
In darkness and in dread,
As in those hours of revelry,
Which mirth and music sped;
Do thou amidst the fair white walls,
If Cadiz yet be free,
At times from out her latticed halls
Look o'er the dark blue sea;
Then think upon Calypso's isles,
Endear'd by days gone by,
To others give a thousand smiles,
To me a single sigh.
And when the admiring circle mark
The paleness of thy face,
A half form'd tear, a transient spark,
Of melancholy grace.
Again thou'lt smile, and blushing shun
Some coxcomb's raillery;
Nor own for once thou thoughts't of one,
Who ever thinks on thee.

Though smile and sigh alike are vain,
 When sever'd hearts repine,
 My spirit flies o'er mount and main,
 And mourns in search of thine.'

The appendix contains a list of authors in the Romaic or modern Greek, since the taking of Constantinople. The catalogue is scanty enough, but as it does not affect to be a complete one, and is totally devoid of chronological arrangement, it does not seem calculated to give much information on the subject. Among the living authors, he says that the following are most celebrated.

'Athanasius Parios has written a treatise on rhetoric in Hellenic.*

'Christodoulos, an Acarnanian, has published, at Vienna, some physical treatises in Hellenic.

'Panagiotis Kodrikas, an Athenian, the Romaic translator of Fontenelle's 'Plurality of Worlds,' (a favourite work among the Greeks) is stated to be a teacher of the Hellenic and Arabic languages in Paris—in both of which he is an adept.

'Vincenzo Damodios, of Cephalonia, has written 'εἰς το μετοχαρακτον' on logic and physics.

'John Kamarases, a Byzantine, has translated into French Ocellus on the Universe. He is said to be an excellent Hellenist, and Latin scholar.

'Gregorio Demetrius published, in Vienna, a geographical work: he has also translated several Italian Authors, and printed his versions at Venice.'

Of two other authors, whose names have been before heard of in this country, some account is given in the notes. These are Psalida, the present director of the Romaic school at Yanina, and Coray, the translator of Beccaria, into the Romaic language. Of the poetical genius of modern Greece, a most splendid example is given in the Greek war-song, composed by the Patriot Riga, beginning 'Δεῦτε παῖδες τῶν Ἑλλήνων,' to which we are sorry that our limits suffer us only to refer our readers. It is printed in the appendix, p. 207, and a translation will be found in page 183, which we should have selected for quotation in preference to the original poem last noticed; but, on comparison with the original, it did not appear to us to convey by any means a faithful or just representation of its merits. It is somewhat extraordinary that with his lordship's ear for versification, he

* This author, is by a mistake, mentioned twice over.

should have fallen into so strange an error as to suppose that the measure which he has adopted for his translation is at all similar to that of the original. It begins thus:

' Sons of the Greeks arise !

The glorious hour's gone forth,

And worthy of such ties,

Display who gave us birth.'

The measure of the Greek poem is totally different. It more nearly answers to that of our old ballad,

' As near Portobello lying.'

In another translation, from a fragment of a Romaic dialogue between an English, Russian, and French tourist, which occurs at pp. 209, 210, the author has fallen into a similar and equally unaccountable error.—The measure of

Εἰπε μὰς ὦ φιλέλληνα πὼς φέρεις τὴν σκλαβίαν

is the trochaic, so frequently used by the ancient dramatic authors, and answers to

' At the Shakspeare tavern dining, o'er the well replenish'd board,
Patriotic chiefs reclining, quick and large libations pour'd—

In God's name what resemblance does this bear to,

' Oh Miss Bailey ! unfortunate Miss Bailey !'

We are likewise presented with an extract from Speridion Vlanti's translation of Goldoni, together with a translation of that translation ; and the volume concludes with a small collection of familiar phrases in the Romaic language.

Mr. Hobhouse's work may perhaps furnish us with an opportunity of entering somewhat more largely upon this subject also. We have estimated the volume now before us, rather with reference to its poetical merits than the information which it conveys.

The second edition in 8vo. which we have just seen, contains a few additional minor poems of very considerable merit. Some of them (perhaps all) have been, however, before printed in another collection.

ART. II.—*The History of the European Commerce with India. To which is subjoined, a Review of the Arguments for and against the Trade with India, and the management of it by a chartered Company: with an Appendix of authentic Accounts. By David Macpherson, Author of the Annals of Commerce, &c.* London, Longman, 1812, 4to. £1. 16s.

MR. MACPHERSON is well known to the literary

world, by his excellent work, entitled the *Annals of Commerce*, which we noticed with well-merited praise in our number for October, 1806. The industry and research, which Mr. Macpherson displayed in his *Annals of Commerce*, made us take up the present volume with eager curiosity, as we felt assured that the important subject would not be negligently treated; and that it would not be a hasty and slovenly compilation.

In his introduction, Mr. Macpherson gives a neat and succinct sketch of the trade with India, from the earliest times to the period of the passage by the Cape of Good Hope. He then describes the commerce with India, as it has at different periods been prosecuted by the Portuguese, the Dutch, the English, the French, the Danes, the Ostend Company, the Swedes, the Prussians, the Imperial company of Trieste, &c. and the Spaniards. The author then enters into an elaborate review of the arguments for and against the trade with India, and of those for and against the management of it by a chartered company, with a joint stock, the advantages of which he strenuously defends. These, with an appendix of authentic accounts, and an index, constitute the contents of the present performance.

If we were to attempt an analysis of this volume, the space within which we must compress it, would not allow us to make much more than a dry enumeration of names and dates. We shall therefore confine our attention to a few of the more prominent particulars, which will serve to interest the general reader, and to furnish specimens of the manner in which the author has executed his undertaking.

The way for the discovery of a passage to India by the Cape of Good Hope was prepared by Henry, a younger son of Pedro, king of Portugal, by Philippa, the daughter of John, Duke of Lancaster, son of Edward III. king of England. This Portuguese prince, who was passionately attached to those parts of the mathematics, which are applicable to the purposes of navigation, made maritime discovery a primary pursuit. Under his auspices the Portuguese became the most skilful navigators in Europe. He did not, however, live to complete his favourite project of discovering a passage to India by sea. For, at the time of his death in 1463, none of his navigators had proceeded farther than the island of St. Matthew, beyond the equinoctial line.

The plan of maritime discovery, which was begun by

the scientific Prince Henry, was prosecuted by several successive kings of Portugal. In 1486, Diaz passed the southern extremity of Africa, to which King João II. gave the name of the Cape of Good Hope. In the reign of Manuel, Vasco da Gama arrived at Calicut, on the west coast of Hindoostan, on the 22d day of May, in the year 1498. The first attempts of the Portuguese to trade at this place, were frustrated by the jealousy of the Moors, or Mohammedans of Arabia, who possessed great influence over the mind of the Zamorin, or sovereign of Calicut. Gama however was sufficiently happy to conduct his ships back to Lisbon, though without bringing any of the precious products of the East. King Manuel prepared a much larger fleet for the next voyage. The command of this fleet was given to Pedro Alvarez de Cabral, who, on his passage to the East, discovered the coast of Brazil, on which he was accidentally driven by a storm. He arrived at Calicut, in August, 1500, with only six ships out of the thirteen with which his voyage was commenced. The commercial views of the Portuguese at Calicut were again defeated by the busy intrigues of the Moors, against whom Cabral was at last obliged to proceed to acts of open hostility. He attacked ten of the largest of the Moorish ships at Calicut, 'Slew (it is said) six hundred of their men, and made the rest slaves on board his own ships. Having taken out the merchandize, he set them on fire in the night, and next morning began a bombardment of the town in revenge for the slaughter of his people. Thus was the Portuguese trade with India begun in violence and bloodshed.'

Cabral after this sailed for Cochin, where he succeeded in settling some commercial arrangements; and procured a house for a factory. The Portuguese admiral having left two factors at Cochin, proceeded to Cannanore, where he completed his lading, and returned to his native country with full cargoes of spices and other goods.

King Manuel fitted out twenty more ships in the year 1502, the command of which was assigned to Vasco da Gama. Manuel also obtained a bull from the pope, which conferred upon him the title of 'Lord of the navigation, conquests and trade of Ethiopia, Arabia, Persia, and India.' The Portuguese did not suffer this title to remain a dead letter; for they endeavoured to establish the rights which it seemed to sanction, by a succession of piratical and barbarous acts, in which they seem to have utterly discarded every principle of justice and humanity.

'The compulsive trade which the Portuguese carried on by the terror of their cannon, was the entire and sole property of the king. Notwithstanding the heavy expense of arming and manning all the ships in a warlike manner, the frequent losses of ships, and the mismanagement and frauds to which the royal monopoly was undoubtedly exposed, so prodigiously great was the saving in freight by the new conveyance, that the trade of Venice was almost annihilated, as soon as it became generally known in Europe, that the spices and other rich productions and manufactures of India could be had much cheaper in Lisbon; and that city immediately became the resort of traders from every part of Europe. The merchants of Lisbon, incited by the spirit of commerce which now enlivened their city, carried their Indian commodities to Antwerp, then the great entrepot between the north and south parts of Europe, where they met with the traders of all the northern kingdoms, who, glad to see those costly articles brought so much nearer to them, and sold so much cheaper than formerly, bought more largely of them than they ever had done before, and carried them home to their own countries, where the greater abundance and lower prices of them enlarged the demand prodigiously. By these means Lisbon became, what Venice had been, the richest commercial city in Europe.'

In the year 1506, Alfonso Albuquerque was dispatched to India, who proved one of the greatest men who ever presided over the affairs of the Portuguese in that part of the world. To his vigour and conduct the Portuguese were indebted for a great extension of their Eastern possessions. But, he appeared to be more intent on aggrandizing the Indian dominion of his sovereign, than on promoting the commercial interests of his country. Mr. Macpherson however mentions an instance of his good sense, which ought to raise him above the level of his contemporaries in the sixteenth century. He had the sagacity to discover that light duties produced 'more revenue than heavy ones. He therefore lowered the duties upon trade, which immediately increased so much as to double the revenue.'

Albuquerque made himself master of the island of Goa, which he fortified; and of Malacca, 'the key of the navigation, and the grand central depot of the commerce of the Eastern world.' He made Malacca the second capital of the Portuguese dominions in the East. He cultivated the good will of the natives, and the friendship of the Indian princes; and the Hindoos were, for some time, happy in contemplating the benefits of his equitable administration, compared with the oppressions which they

had so long suffered under the Moors. Albuquerque died in 1515; and he was succeeded by governors, whose barbarities and exactions served to alienate the affections of the Indians from the Portuguese.

In the year 1517, the Portuguese opened a trade with China. This intercourse, however, was soon suspended, owing to the flagitious proceedings of Simon de Andrade, the commander of the Portuguese ships. The Portuguese, afterwards, recovered the good opinion of the Chinese, by assisting them in subduing a piratical adventurer who had seized upon the island of Macao, in the Gulf of Canton, and had committed great ravages on the trade of the Chinese. In return for this service the Portuguese were presented by the emperor of China with 'a small peninsula at the south end of the island of Macao.' Here they formed a settlement, and for some time carried on a considerable trade with China, Japan, Tonquin, Cochinchina, and other parts of the East.

The overthrow of the Portuguese power in India was accelerated by the usurpation of the Portuguese crown by Philip II. King of Spain. During this union of the kingdoms of Spain and Portugal, several of the Portuguese settlements in India were conquered by the Dutch. The Dutch compelled the Portuguese to evacuate Ceylon in 1656. They had previously been expelled from Japan, owing to the commercial ascendant of the same enemy. The Portuguese succeeded in effecting their deliverance from the Spanish yoke in 1540, when they raised the Duke of Braganza to the throne, under the title of João IV.

'From the year 1500,' says Mr. Macpherson, 'when Cabral carried the first cargo of East India produce to Lisbon, to the year 1595, almost a century, the kings of Portugal had the entire monopoly of the trade between India and Europe by the Cape of Good Hope. During the first fifty years there arrived only about five ships annually from India. In the subsequent declining state of the Portuguese affairs in India, there arrived annually only three ships upon an average, till it became subject to the King of Spain. During the Spanish dominion the arrivals may perhaps be averaged above three. But the trade was conducted so irregularly, that there were some years in which not one ship arrived. As the goods brought into Europe by the ancient channels of conveyance were much dearer than those brought by the Cape of Good Hope, we may be assured that the quantity of them was but trifling; and hence it appears that the whole consumption of East India goods in all Europe was never any very considerable object till the Dutch,

and immediately after them the English, engaged in the trade. But as the domineering system, upon which the Portuguese government conducted their trade, enabled them to set their own prices upon Indian as well as European goods, it is believed that the balance, which is now constantly against all the European nations trading with the Oriental countries, was for some time in favour of Portugal, which made the precious metals more plentiful in that little country than in any other part of Europe, before the American mines poured their treasures into Spain, for the benefit of the manufacturing and commercial nations.

‘Of all the wide-spread dominions of the Portuguese in the Oriental seas, there remain now only a few settlements, of very little value, on the east coast of Africa; and on the continent of Hindoostan they possess Diu and some posts and factories of inferior importance in the Gulf of Cambay, together with Goa, now as formerly, the capital of the Portuguese dominions in India. They still have permission to reside at their settlement of Macao, near the coast of China, but so much under the controul of the Chinese, that they may be reckoned subjects of the empire, excluded from the society of their fellow-subjects.’

The Portuguese, during the period of their dominion in the East, appear with a sort of barbarous and short-sighted policy, to have preferred a revenue obtained by military spoliation and tyrannical exaction, to the more slow but more certain and permanent advantages arising from the returns of commercial enterprise and industry. Not only the oppression but the bigotry of the Portuguese rendered them objects of detestation to the natives of India, who were subject to their sway, and who accordingly beheld the destruction of their power with unfeigned exultation. No power can be stable which is not established on the basis of justice and humanity. This is one of those wise appointments of the governor of the world which ultimately identifies the duties of sovereigns with their own interests and with the interests of nations.

The first Dutch expedition to the East Indies sailed in 1595. They loaded their ships with spices at Bantam; and returned in 1597. Several small companies which had engaged in the trade to the East Indies, were united into one great company in 1602, and received a charter from the States General, which bestowed for 21 years the privilege of an exclusive trade to that part of the world. The mercantile selfishness of the Dutch made them guilty of barbarities similar to those which had been occasioned

by the domineering spirit, or religious bigotry of the Portuguese and the Spaniards.

In February, 1623, the Dutch, instigated by no better feeling than that of jealousy or avarice, perpetrated a horrid massacre of all the Englishmen at Amboyna. Not contented with simply depriving them of life, they put them to the most torturing deaths which cruelty could devise.

About the year 1650, the Dutch East India company began to establish their important settlement at the Cape of Good Hope.

'A town and a fort were built, and every other necessary improvement executed; which, as all the materials were carried from Europe, cost in twenty years the sum of twenty millions of florins. But the company, who became more and more sensible of the growing importance of the colony, cheerfully submitted to the expense, and they have been amply repaid by the great accommodation furnished to their ships in water, wood, fruits, and fresh provisions, and the recovery of their people's health after the fatigues of a long passage, besides a revenue drawn from the territory after it was settled, which was nearly equal to the sums expended for the government and defence of it.'

In 1661 the Dutch were deprived of their important settlement on the island of Tywan or Formosa, from which they carried on a very advantageous trade with Japan. In 1667, by the reduction of Macassar and the neighbouring states, they obtained exclusive possession of the trade in spices, which has since passed into the hands of the English. The two governments of Amboyna and Banda, each comprehending a cluster of islands, and producing the precious products of cloves, nutmegs, and mace, were first occupied by Admiral Rainier in 1796. They were restored to the Dutch, with their other Oriental settlements, except Ceylon, on the peace in 1801, but have been retaken since the renewal of the war. The Dutch are at this moment without any possession in the East.

The Dutch derived great commercial and political advantages from their monopoly of the spice trade. The merchants of the different countries in Europe, who attended their sales, either in person or by their agents, embraced that opportunity of purchasing other products and manufactures of the East, and by carrying their spices to the various marts in Asia, they found means of engrossing the greater part of the carrying trade of the Indian Ocean. This, as Mr. Macpherson remarks, made a prodigious addition to their naval resources and their maritime power.

'The national valour of the Dutch, which shone so bright in shaking off the Spanish yoke, and was so successfully exerted against the Portuguese in India, seems to have evaporated after the great objects of establishing the independence of the states, and the expulsion of the Portuguese from the dominion of India were accomplished. The people employed to manage the company's business in India became less attentive in the execution of their duty, and seldom scrupled to sacrifice the interest of their employers to their own, which conduct they justified at least to their own satisfaction, by the consideration of the very inadequate salaries allowed them by the company. Every sentiment of honour and patriotism was swallowed up in the most sordid avarice, accompanied by an extravagance of dissipation and ostentatious parade, which, it was alleged, was politically necessary for dazzling the eyes of the natives. The pre-eminence of nautical skill, which contributed very much to raise the Dutch republic to independence and power, was almost extinguished. Men were appointed to offices in ships without being qualified to do their duty; and the improvements in naval regimen, by which prudent commanders provide against the inconveniences, and guard against the mortality, formerly inevitable, in long voyages, seem to have been scarcely ever known to the Dutch navigators. Neither were the company better served by their military men, most of whom were not Dutchmen; for like the ancient Tyrians, with whom they had many other points of resemblance, they made a practice of employing foreign mercenaries, who did not conceive that they were guilty of any breach of duty, if, after serving out the time for which they had engaged, they immediately transferred their services to the enemies of their former masters.'

As we have exhibited a brief sketch of the origin and progress of the English East India Company, in our review of Mr. Bruce's *Annals*, in our number for February, 1811, we shall not follow Mr. Macpherson minutely in his account of the commerce of our countrymen with India; but shall make a few extracts from this part of his work.

The following is an account of the primary introduction and progressive use of a vegetable product, which has, perhaps, added more to the stock of pleasurable sensation in this country than any other article of foreign importation.

* After the British troops landed in Ceylon, Colonel de Meuron, with his Swiss regiment, having completed the term for which they had engaged, entered into the British service, and assisted in subduing their former employers. And after the reduction of Columbo, the whole of the Malays in the garrison also entered into the British service. Colonel Raymond, the only brave officer in the garrison, was a Frenchman. (*Percival's Account of Ceylon*, pp. 91, 92, 95; first edition.)

'In the year 1669,' (there must be some error in this date, as it contradicts what follows), 'the company received from Bantam two cannisters, containing 143½ pounds of tea; and this is believed to have been their first importation of that article from any part of the Indies; for it does not appear that they had as yet any direct intercourse with China, the native country of tea. This trifling quantity was partly given away as presents, and partly expended in the house for the refreshment of the committees.'

'The first authentic notice of tea as an article of consumption in England, appears, in an act of parliament [12 Car. 11. c. 23.] passed in the year 1660, whereby a duty of eightpence is charged on every gallon of chocolate, sherbet, and tea made for sale, while coffee, and even foreign spiritous liquors, are charged only fourpence. Thus it is certain, that tea was then used in England. But, that the use of it was new, and far from being general, or even generally known, appears from the following curious memorandum in the diary of M. Pepys, the secretary of the Admiralty:—"Sept. 25, 1661, I sent for a cup of tea (a Chinese drink), of which I had never drunk before." In the year 1662, King Charles II. married a princess of Portugal. It may be presumed, that the new queen was fond of tea, and rendered it more fashionable in England than it had ever been before, as the poet, Waller, in a panegyrical ode on her birth-day, seems to suppose, that she introduced the use of tea in this country. He says:

"The best of queens, and best of herbs we owe
To that bold nation, who the way did show
To the fair region, where the sun doth rise,
Whose rich productions we so justly prize."

'He also supposed it endowed with the power of inspiration; for he says,

"The muse's friend, tea, does our fancy aid."

'It is evident, that tea long continued to be brought to Europe in very small quantities; for, in the year 1664, the East India Company, being desirous of procuring some rarities for presents to the king, made a purchase of *two pounds and two ounces of thea* (apparently all that could be got), which cost them forty shillings a pound. In the year 1666, they made his majesty a more ample present of thea, consisting of 22½ pounds, for which they paid fifty shillings a pound. The duties laid upon tea, &c. in the year 1660, were augmented by subsequent acts; and they continued to be rated upon the quantity of liquor made from them till the year 1689, when, upon the visitations of the excise officers in the coffee-houses being complained of as vexatious and troublesome to the retailers, and their being also found too chargeable to the revenue, that mode of taxation was given up; and, instead of it, a custom duty of five shillings on the *pound* of tea, besides the old subsidy of five per cent. on the value,

was substituted for it by the Act 1 Gul. and Mar. S. 2, c. 6. The duty was soon after lowered, in order to prevent smuggling; but it was not long ere it was raised again, and came in time to be so high as to make tea the staple article of the smuggling trade. In the year 1678, the company imported 4,713 pounds of tea, which was then, for the first time, thought worth their attention as a branch of their trade. But it appears, that *so large a quantity* glutted the market; for the imports of tea in the six subsequent years amounted in all only to 410 pounds. The demand increased afterwards, though slowly; and the tea was generally purchased at the second hand in Madras and Surat, and only once in China, at the port of Amoy.

In the years 1697, 1698, and 1699, the average annual quantity of tea, imported by the company, was under 20,000 pounds; and in the eight following years, it rose to an annual average of above 60,000 pounds, the average price being above sixteen shillings a pound. From that time, the company enlarged their importation from India; and they also still continued to import some from Holland till the year 1724, when the importation from that quarter was reduced to four pounds. In 1721, the quantity of tea imported, for the first time, exceeded a million of pounds: and ever since, the importation, and the consumption of tea in this country have been increasing.

In the reign of King William, there were three different sets of merchants, all authorized by law to prosecute the trade to the East Indies. This collision of rival interests is said to have occasioned an excessive exportation of bullion and a glut of Indian goods; and to have had a very pernicious influence on the manufactures of this country. But the New and the Old Company, whose animosities were more adverse to their own interests than to those of the kingdom at large, were wisely incorporated in the reign of Queen Anne under the name of 'the United Company of Merchants Trading to the East Indies.'

Mr. Macpherson notices Mr. Fox's famous India bill, which brought on the dissolution of the Coalition Ministry in 1783. Had that bill been carried, it is probable, that the territorial dominion of the company in India would have been kept within more moderate bounds. The high duties on tea, which were found to operate as a strong incentive to smuggling, were repealed in the first year of Mr. Pitt's administration; and an additional duty on windows was imposed as a *commutation*. After this act, the quantity of tea which was imported into the continent of Europe, in order that much of it might afterwards be smuggled into this country, experienced a remarkable diminution, whilst that which was brought over in the com-

pany's ships, was proportionally increased. The quantity of tea which was imported by the company in 1783, amounted only to '4,138,295 pounds, continued increasing every year, and ever since 1786, has averaged considerably above 20,000,000 of pounds.'

In Mr. Macpherson's account of the commerce of the French with India, he has sketched the history of the famous Mississippi Company, which, afterwards, united with some other companies, acquired the name of the Company of the Indies. This company gave rise to a spirit of extravagant speculation, which, like the South Sea scheme in this country, proved the ruin of thousands. During the height of the mania, for so it may justly be styled, 'no business was attended to in Paris, except buying and selling shares. People of all ranks, foreigners as well as natives, sold off their property of every kind at whatever prices they could obtain, in order to participate in the wonderful advantages expected from the financial, commercial, and mining operations of the company: and the managers, in order to admit even the lowest of the people to make their fortunes, or ruin themselves, by stock-jobbing, split many of the shares into hundredth parts. Stock rose every day, and reached when at the highest, the enormously frantic price of *one thousand*, or, according to some authors, *twelve hundred per cent.** Paris was loaded with a glut of real money, a great part of which was poured in from foreign countries: the prices of all the necessaries of life were raised in proportion: and lands near the city were bought at fifty years purchase by some of the speculators, more sharp-sighted than their neighbours, who seized the favourable opportunity of selling out their stock.'

The Company of the Indies was afterwards incorporated with the bank, which had been previously honoured with the appellation of royal, as the king had taken the management of it into his own hands. This union precipitated the ruin both of the bank and of the company. The vast quantity of bank paper, the issue of which was subjected to no salutary limitations, soon lowered the credit both of the notes and of the company's shares. Every species of deception was practised to induce people to part with their

* Dupont asserts, that in the height of the delirium, stock was sold so high as 18,000 and 20,000 livres a share. But such prices seem incredible, and are not supported by any other of the French authors whom I have had an opportunity of consulting. Their accounts of the highest prices vary considerably; and, indeed, it seems probable, that in the scramble and confusion of such irregular transactions, no registers of prices were preserved; and if they were, they were burnt by the king's order in the year 1725.

solid property, for what in these times has been called an *abstract currency*, or, in other words, a currency made of rags. When the gross fumes of delusion began to disappear, many persons

'became exceedingly urgent,' says Mr. Macpherson, 'to get their paper converted into cash: but the government, instead of wisely and readily complying with their demands, as was proposed by law, which would soon have induced many of the claimants to rest satisfied with their paper, when they should see, that it could be instantly changed into cash, most blindly ordered, that *gold should be entirely banished from commercial transactions*, and that no person should keep above five hundred livres of metallic money in his possession.' * * *

We do not, as far as we at present have had an opportunity of considering the subject, feel disposed to accede to the opinion of Mr. Macpherson at the conclusion of his review of the arguments for and against a chartered company with a joint stock, that

'the intercourse with the oriental countries can be conducted advantageously only by a great company, duly supported by the authority of the supreme government, and capable of maintaining forts and garrisons, and strong armed ships for the protection of their commerce.'

Is not the experience of the Americans adverse to this conclusion of our author? Does it not prove, that the trade with the east may be advantageously prosecuted by individuals, without either forts or garrisons? If this trade has been found conducive to the interest of American adventurers, is it likely to fail or to be found pernicious in the hands of British merchants, with larger capitals than any American individuals, and with a spirit of enterprize certainly not inferior to what may be found in any bosoms on the other side of the Atlantic? In the present situation of this country, in which large capitalists are so numerous, is there any branch of commerce so circumstanced, that it may not, not only safely but profitably, be left to the efforts of individuals? But, at any rate, in the present exclusion (of which, who can foresee the termination?) of British manufactures from the European continent, is it not worth trying whether a vent may not be found for them in other parts? If the experiment should fail, it will, at least, have the beneficial effect of setting the question at rest; and of reconciling the country to the monopoly of the Company, if it be proved by the event, that the trade cannot be so successfully carried on in any other way. Though the monopoly of the Company should be abolished, they may still trade to the east; and if that trade be so injurious to

individuals as they represent it, their superior advantages (if superior they be), must ultimately put an end to all individual competition. Let, therefore, that which is at present a difficult problem in mercantile economy, be fairly brought to the touch-stone of experiment. This cannot be prejudicial to the company, if the company be not prejudicial to the nation. But surely no advocate for the Company will contend, that the general interest of the nation ought to be sacrificed to that of a fraternity of monopolists. We do not here use the term monopolist in an invidious sense, or with any view of exciting ill will towards individuals; for we are convinced, that there are combinations of circumstances in which even monopolies may be beneficial to the community. Whether the *present* circumstances of this country be such as, on the score of public utility, which is the only true criterion of wise policy, to be favourable or adverse to the existing monopolies of the East India Company, must be left to be determined by the impartial testimony, not of vague theory, but of actual experience.

Before we conclude this article, we must remark, that Mr. Macpherson has shown himself an able advocate for the interests of the Company, and has produced a work on the European trade with the east which may be read with instruction and with interest.

ART. III.—*Essay on the Military Policy and Institutions of the British Empire. By C. W. Pasley, Captain in the Corps of Royal Engineers, Part I. 8vo. London, Lloyd, Harley-street, 1811, 8vo. 12s.*

WE shall not lament the neglect of which we have been guilty, in omitting to notice this valuable work at an earlier period, if the view of its contents which we are about to take, shall have the useful effect of awakening the attention of our readers to the situation of public affairs at this particular crisis, when the fate of another empire is in the balance, and energy and decision are no less wanting among the opponents of Napoleon than unanimity and combined exertion. The author is as open and daring in his sentiments and projects, as he is hearty in the cause of his country and zealously attached to the profession, of which he is a distinguished ornament. What he thinks and feels as a soldier, he delivers in the language of experience, not always perhaps with elegance, precision, and perspicuous

method, but with a manly spirit, and in a forcible and strongly figured style, often with eloquence, and always with facility.

'Verbaque provisam rem non invisâ sequuntur.'

Captain Pasley strenuously inculcates the necessity of prosecuting the war, if at all, with energy; he reprobates half measures, and labours to expose the fallacy of the system which has been so long pursued by the statesmen of this country. His detailed comment on foreign affairs, of which we shall endeavour to exhibit a faithful summary, without interposing any opinions of our own or combating those of the author, opens a wide field for political and military controversy, and will appear to many not a little visionary and quixotic.

'C'est une texte ou chacun fait sa glose.'

In his comparison of the resources of the French and British empires, Captain Pasley seems not to have allowed its full force to his own principle, that population, without a corresponding revenue, is not the standard of the military strength of any nation in external war. If commerce, the prolific parent of revenue, were to abandon England, would she fling herself, without reserve and ceremony, into the arms of France? Commercial credit, it has been said, is of the same delicate texture with female honour. It is a plant which thrives better in the open air of a congenial climate than in the hot-house of despotism. The immemorial habits of a people, the tastes, prejudices, privileges, monopolies, municipal regulations, and innumerable other circumstances, may present, if not physical, moral impossibilities to its growth, or, at least, such difficulties as can be overcome only by the slow innovations of time, increasing knowledge, and perfect political amalgamation. The vassal states of Bonaparte must be regenerated, the whole continent must suffer a new birth, labour must be divided, mechanism carried to perfection, a taste for elegance and the refinements of polished society, must succeed the rough usages of war; and what is most difficult to expect in these evil days, a certain degree of civil and religious liberty must be conceded to the inhabitants of the country, which would inherit the commercial power and dignity of Great Britain.

Perhaps there is a tendency in Captain Pasley to render his arguments double-edged. In one place, he uses the overwhelming numbers of the French empire to terrify us into more vigorous efforts for its destruction; and, in another, he diminishes, as much as possible, the disposable

force of Bonaparte, to encourage us to more active exertions. In one place, he treats the maxim, 'that a great nation, determined to be free, can never be subdued,' as suitable for poetry; and, in another, admits, that *cæteris paribus*, or even where the disparity is not overwhelming, the contest will terminate in favour of that party which has the best; that is, a free government. It has been the usual practice of nations, in the recovery of their freedom, to pass through the initiatory stages of irregular warfare to the formation of disciplined armies. But not only in the first enthusiastic movements of a revolution, but long after the establishment of a regular army and the total disappearance of danger, a voluntary force retains its value. The passions of men once excited, are bequeathed as an inheritance to their posterity. The American militia-man, breathing the hatred which inspired his father, proud of his liberty, and confident in the justice of his cause, might prove a match for an English veteran on the banks of the Patomack.

There seems to be a great difference between a volunteer force, raised, as in Spain, to supply the actual want of regular soldiers, and one which, like that of England, has not so much as the garrison duty of a peaceable town to perform. The guerillas of Spain have done more than its armies in enabling us to maintain our position on the frontiers of Portugal; and in which of the qualities so justly and eloquently ascribed by Captain Pasley to the regular soldier, has the partisan of Espoz y Mina or El Empecinado been proved deficient? In the contempt of danger and death, in implicit respect, in unbounded obedience, in ardent spirit to attack, or unconquerable firmness in defeat and calamity? And who will deny, that he has borne all extremities of hardship, wounds, and disease, often without shelter, attendance, or even pity? From these elements, we cannot avoid hoping (a hope which every dispatch from Spain contributes to confirm), that even if the lately renovated government of Cadiz, like its predecessors, disappoint the expectations of mankind, there will hereafter spring up disciplined hosts, which, in conjunction with the veteran bands of Great Britain, will expel the intrusive government, and vindicate the rights of man.

The second part of this essay has, we believe, not yet been published, and we understand, that it will be more strictly confined to military details. The main object of the first part, is to shew, that by certain new measures, without a single ship, we might still hope to maintain our

independence; but that, in our present circumstances, we should be enabled, by the adoption of a more vigorous system of martial policy, to defend not only ourselves, but our allies, and even to accomplish the destruction of our enemies.

In taking a comparative view of the force and resources of the French and British empires, there are, according to the author, five grand points to be considered.

1. *Population.* France, between the grand natural boundaries, the Rhine, the Alps, the Mediterranean, Pyrenees, and the ocean, reckons 32 millions; Spain and Portugal, 12 $\frac{1}{4}$; Switzerland 2; Italy, exclusively of Sardinia and Sicily, 11 $\frac{1}{4}$; Denmark, 2; and other parts of Germany, not nominally subject to France, 15; 75 millions in a compact, well united geographical position, to which Great Britain and Ireland have to oppose 17 millions, little more than a fifth, or deducting Spain a fourth.

2. *Revenue.* The superiority of our enemies in this respect, is in a much smaller ratio, perhaps, three to one; but allowing for the disordered state of an empire so recently amalgamated, and our greater facility in borrowing, let it be admitted, that we have disposable half as much as France, it will be found, that our enemies can effect much more, than we can, with the same sum; 30,000 continental troops may be maintained at less expence than 20,000 British.

Taxation has been carried to a greater extent in this country than in any other. The countries, conquered by France, may be willing to commute for their contributions, and the maintenance, &c. of French troops, by a system of taxation, which would materially increase the revenue. The revenue of France is, therefore, according to the author, susceptible of increase in a greater ratio than that of Great Britain. If agriculture be the true fountain of revenue, Adam Smith thinks, that in consequence of the superiority of the soil and climate of France, 30 millions might be levied with as little inconvenience as 10 millions in Great Britain. Under the old government, the net revenue of France Proper, was always superior to that of Great Britain.

If commerce and manufactures be the principal sources of national wealth and prosperity, and our superiority in this point of comparison consist in our being able to sell goods of the same quality cheaper, through a combination of the following circumstances, command of capital, ingenuity and skill of workmen, perfection of machinery, price

of labour; is not the price of labour becoming dearer, can improvements of machinery be always kept secret, or skill and ingenuity monopolized? superiority of capital is as little founded on any thing intrinsically, and exclusively inherent in the nature of the country.

3. *Formation of seamen.* We should lose our superior opportunities of forming seamen by peace, if the commerce of Europe, as presupposed, should acquire a superiority over ours, it is difficult to calculate on more than half the number of able seamen formed on the continent. Even if our manufactures maintained their superiority, and markets were free, no indulgence would be extended to our navigation by the jealousy of Bonaparte. The experience of last war shews, that the British nation would submit to supply manufactures in neutral bottoms; and our merchants would be glad to do the same now, if Bonaparte's policy would admit of any half-measures.

4. *Energy of the executive government.* In this point France appears to possess a decided superiority at the present crisis; but a superiority founded alone on the personal character of her ruler. Our executive is embarrassed with the necessity of maintaining parliamentary interest; and the talents, which lead to eminence, are parliamentary eloquence, the managing of parties in the senate, skill in finance, knowledge of domestic affairs.—Our rulers are deficient in the skill and energy requisite for planning and conducting warlike operations. In appointments, diplomatic and military, so great a regard is paid to parliamentary interest, that we have not often seen, and are less likely in general to see, these offices so ably filled in the British service as under Bonaparte, who, though probably somewhat occupied in watching the state of public opinion in France, is yet, by his absolute power and knowledge of war, able to plan and to execute with decision and promptitude. A free nation preserves a medium degree of vigour, which, in critical times, rises in proportion to the danger; a despotism is in extremes, vigorous under a wise, impotent under a weak prince. But before an Arcadius fills the throne of Napoleon, the fate of this country may be decided.

5. *Patriotism.* Independently of the generous feeling of national spirit and pride, which may exist under a bad government, we have an additional incentive to loyalty and patriotism in the freedom of our constitution, and the impartial administration of our laws. But the enthusiasm arising from this source, will not create fleets and armies

in the day of invasion, without previous preparation. Without stern unrelenting discipline and constant habits, how can the volunteer be formed into the soldier? Where, in the volunteer, would be the habitual contempt of danger and death, so foreign to the feelings of civil life; implicit respect, unbounded obedience, ardent spirit to attack, unconquerable firmness in defeat and calamity, derived from mutual confidence? Where would be the mind broken in and prepared to bear all extremities of hardships, wounds, and disease, often without shelter, attendance, or even pity? The enthusiasm of patriotism will be an useful aid; but the whole tenor of history proves, that it must not be trusted to, as in itself a great or principal agent of defence; it is liable to evaporate in speeches, instead of action, and lead to miscalculations of powers and obstacles.

That the French empire, therefore, with so decided a superiority in every point upon which naval power is founded, and with a more vigorous executive government, may be able, in the course of time, to equip a navy of more than double in force to our's, manned by seamen equally, or nearly as skilful, and that consequently, we are likely eventually to lose the empire of the seas (for the most enthusiastic admirer of British valour, must confess, that it hardly could resist such fearful odds), appear to the mind of the author propositions almost demonstrated. This event is more likely to be accelerated than retarded by a continuance in our present system of conducting the war. A change, therefore, is indispensable, and the necessity of adopting a more vigorous martial policy, may be argued from the errors and consequent failures of our present system, and the practicability and probable success of measures of a more energetic nature.

First, with regard to the errors and failures of our present system, the ambition of this country has principally been directed to the *formation of a commercial, colonial, and insular empire*; but foreign possessions do not add greatly to our power, and some tend to diminish it; large colonies may afford strength to the mother-country by affording a revenue and an army, more than sufficient for their civil government and garrisons, and by assisting, with their population, to man the fleets and recruit the armies of the mother-country; but what colonies of this nature do we possess? Distant colonies must be weak, unless their resources of every kind have been fully and skilfully appropriated to their defence, and the attachment of the natives won by the justice and moderation of the

parent state. A colonial and insular empire is the weakest of any, its forces being divided, and the increase of its force not bearing, by any means, the same ratio to its increase of magnitude, as in an empire increasing on its frontiers, and not requiring for its conquests separate establishments; nor perhaps a larger army than was on foot before. If Great Britain were queen of all the islands in the world, and their population were admitted to be so much positive strength, she would still have only twenty-one millions. When colonies are so poor as not to be able to make good the expences of maintaining them, they ought to be retained only when they are wanted as harbours or places of arms.

And as our resources are little improved by our colonizing system, so our *exclusive preference of maritime war*, adds nothing permanent to them. As long as the continent of Europe was divided among a number of independent states, none of which singly, was much superior to us or to its neighbours in strength, the rigorous system of colonial, commercial, and naval policy, gradually advanced towards perfection. But when the balance of power fell, it became completely inadequate for any grand or permanent object; and to preserve our naval superiority, it is necessary not to look any longer upon our armies as a secondary consideration, nor upon our commerce as all that we have to defend.

Subsidies may be considered as a part of the same system. They are reprehensible, because they involve the pacific people of other countries in unnecessary wars; impolitic, because they are burdensome to this country, and have awakened the dormant ambition of France, and paved the way, through the destruction of our allies, to our own; absurd, as we usually do not hire the strong but the weak; nugatory, as they never were the efficient cause of any measure whatever. A subsidizing nation may find itself at once exposed, in a completely helpless and defenceless state, to the whole united force of its original enemy, and of its former friends unexpectedly combining together for its destruction. Wherever peculiar cases of distress render it advisable to grant a subsidy, we should either have security, or as much controul as possible over the management of our own money.

The *want of ambition* (by which is meant the desire to extend the power and dominion of a nation), manifested in our rejection or abandonment of conquests on the continent of Europe, and in our considering the ends of war

as attained by the acquisition of such lumps of clay as the Island of Heligoland, together with the *half measures*, originating from such near-sighted views in policy, and invariably followed by disappointments, which occasion *public despondency*, and, by that means, paralyze the energies of the nation, and fetter the hands of the executive government, must be added to the causes of failure enumerated above. Of the same nature are our quixotic and highly blameable support of weak or corrupt governments, our erroneous treatment of the natives of the country, which is the seat of war, and our want of firmness and decision with regard to neutral states, and those which are not principals in the war. And the pernicious catalogue may be completed, by reckoning, among the most powerful of the causes of our failures, our defective military institutions, our want of information, faulty commissariat, the absence of political skill in our generals, the inadequacy of the force entrusted to their command, and their want of that firm, unyielding, and wise principle, which, in almost every case, would rather risk every thing, than give up the object.

Secondly, The destructive effects of the system, which is here reprobated, as well as the probable success of measures of a more energetic nature, will best appear from a cursory view of the state of foreign nations, accompanied with the specification of such remedies as are deemed applicable to each particular case.

Spain and Portugal. The misfortunes of the Spaniards may be attributed to any thing but a want of good will in their own cause. From the deficiency of men of liberal education and enlarged minds, the Spaniards carry to an excess dispositions, which they have, in common with all nations, that possess much national pride: they are sanguine in the extreme, credulous of what flatters their hopes, incredulous of the contrary. Hence they were not anxious for the assistance of British troops; nevertheless, they hated the French, and their desire of unity with England, had grown into a proverb; '*Con todo el mundo la guerra, y paz con Inglaterra.*' At first, they may have undervalued the assistance of British troops, whose formidable character, undervalued even by their own countrymen, is not properly understood, except by those who have fought against them in the field. A system formed on a shadowy enthusiasm, not on an enlarged view of the comparative resources and organization of the countries at war, was likely to terminate in disappoint-

ment. The continual dispersion of armies will generate despondency, rather than fortify the spirit, and when the efforts of the Spaniards shall degenerate from a war of armies into a war of irregular bands, then, we may conclude, the game is nearly up. To leave them to themselves, would be to abandon them to ruin, and it would be as impolitic as it would be ungenerous and perfidious, for the assistance we give to Spain, cannot be attributed to pure generosity: it is a necessary measure of self-preservation, and we are principals in every war that tends to that object. Our grand error has been, that we have not considered ourselves sufficiently in this light. The jealousy of the Spaniards should have been removed by an open and frank avowal of our intention to sink or swim with them. If this declaration, followed by corresponding efforts, had failed, we should not have been afraid of interfering with the Spanish government, to carry a point which was mutually beneficial. If the Spanish rulers turned a deaf ear to our advice for their good, employed wrong-headed generals, refused the chief command to our general, were tardy in co-operation, and starved our army, had we not a right to displace them as our enemies, and the friends of Bonaparte? Did we undertake to support their government? The reciprocal condition was assistance afforded in good faith wherein they failed. Why should we despair of succeeding? Peterborough carried his point, though he had the chief command, when bigotry and prejudice were at as great a height, or greater than now, and when his force was small, and every other difficulty more formidable, one only excepted of our own creation, the poor opinion which the present breed of Englishmen seem to entertain of themselves.

The objection to sending a numerous army into Spain, from the difficulty of subsisting it in that country, suggests the precise reason, why we should do it, who can at any time fall back on the coast, where we might live in plenty, while the French were starving in the interior. The risk does not increase in proportion with the magnitude of the force, and the worst calamity, a large army well commanded, could endure, would be, to have its rear-guard cut off. We ought to have more than one British army in the peninsula, or we lose the advantage of our superior naval power. A British corps in Biscay, would be as safe as in Portugal, with the harbour of Santona and Santander (the former excellent) in its rear, and would interrupt materially, or cut off the supplies of the French.

The more troops we have in Spain, the more easy it will be for the Spaniards to organize themselves. We ought to treat the Spanish generals, who have shewn themselves true patriots and able soldiers, with the same confidence we expect from them: we ought to give them officers to intermix with their own, and even to put detachments occasionally under their command. The best regiments in the British service might think it an honour to serve under some of the Spanish generals of the present day, whose battles, had their military system been well organized, and had the discipline equalled the spirit of the troops, instead of defeats might have been glorious victories.

If we omit or despair of disciplining the natives of Spain and Portugal, they will be disciplined by our enemies, and if we should ever find it impossible to maintain our preponderating naval superiority against the world, the resources of the Spanish Peninsula alone will be of themselves sufficient to fit out a fleet and an army strong enough for the conquest of Ireland, leaving the rest of the mighty continental empire of France at liberty to wield all its strength against Great Britain.

Spanish America. The most vital interests of Great Britain lie not beyond the Atlantic; we should pursue no schemes in the new, which may interfere with our success in the old world. The freedom of the Spanish Peninsula is more precious to us than all the mines or commerce of the Spanish American colonies. It is perfectly unnecessary, and would be impolitic in us to take any active part in the dispute, in favour of Spain against her colonies; but it will be highly selfish, ungenerous, and no less impolitic to aid or countenance the latter.

The United States of America. These afford one of the strongest proofs that the conduct of governments towards each other cannot be regulated by principles of friendship. At the head of a nation speaking the same language, and having inherited from common ancestors the same love of freedom with ourselves, the rulers of America seem to have been the favourers and admirers of the despotic not of the free, and have carried their friendship as it were into the market, and offered it to the highest bidder. In the event of a war the Americans might gain some territory and population, but they have already more land than they can properly cultivate, though their number is constantly increasing in a wonderful ratio. As to commerce, every reflecting citizen of America, who is unwarpd by prejudice or passion, must see that she is more likely to

lose the whole of her valuable commerce than to increase it at our expence. They have no solid advantage to fight for; they must necessarily submit to heavy taxes and a public debt; the new powers created by this state of things may be dangerous to such a weak form of government; and the unusual burdens, with the certain hardships and sufferings of war may lead to some internal revolution.

If Great Britain were destroyed, France would be rendered irresistible, and would immediately destroy America. As to ourselves, conquests in America would be difficult to effect and precarious to maintain: no transatlantic success would diminish or prevent the power of France. But if we should be forced into a war, we ought to consider the Americans as the wanton and bitter enemies of our existence, and treat them accordingly. We should destroy their shipping, and harass and alarm them by frequent descents, so as to keep their troops employed on the defensive along their vast extent of sea-coast, by which we shall prevent them from overpowering us by superior numbers in our own possessions. We ought to hold out to them that we have no views of conquest, but that we are ready at a moment's warning to renew a friendly intercourse either with the general government, or any separate province or provinces. This moderation, accompanied with vigour, might turn the stream of popular opinion, and restore peace, which would be equally a benefit to both countries.

*Sicily.** To remedy the vices of the military constitution of this island, and to remove the want of concert, which exists between the British and Sicilian army, we should require that a British general should be made commander-in-chief, and that the commissariat and paymaster-general's department should be placed under the gentlemen at the head of the same departments in the British army. If the court of Palermo considered these conditions required as the price of a subsidy, as an infringement of our treaty, we might prove that they have failed in performing their part of the agreement, the keeping constantly on foot a well disciplined regular army of a certain strength. In case these conditions should be re-

* It should be mentioned, in justice to Captain Pasley, that these observations on the state of Sicily, and the measures which should be adopted in treating with the government, were published before the late revolution of affairs in that island.

fused, we should withhold our subsidy, and if they call in the French, or are conquered by them, we shall have a much better chance in fighting there as the enemies than as the allies of the present government. That government is not able to maintain a single soldier without our subsidy, and has no command over the voluntary services of the people, who hate equally the French and their own governors. If we should attempt to restore the King of Sicily to his continental dominions, we should stipulate for permission to raise troops in all parts of the country. We who take the risks and expence should be allowed to manage it in our own way. The king should give a general order to all constituted civil authorities to obey the commands of the British general, and should consent to farm out to the British government the revenues of his continental states for a certain sum annually, as long as British troops should act in Italy.

Italy. The peninsular form of Italy, its mountains, and extent of sea-coast, are favourable to us; but the length of the sea voyage is against us. Sicily would act as a place of arms. The march of French soldiers with supplies from the continental dominions would be attended with great difficulties. The Italians universally hate the French, and one victory obtained over the latter would shake their power to the centre. But this is one of the countries which we ought to conquer ourselves, or allow our friends to conquer. We should not merely put the enemy's troops on their legs, and after making them march from one end of Europe to the other, run away before them, and leave our adherents to their fury. This kind of diversion cannot be too much reprobated. From the want of attachment to the petty governments, the people would gladly unite under our standard, and by the revenue and resources of that princely country, we should be fully repaid for the expences of the war.

Malta. The Maltese took up arms, blockaded the French, and being principals in the war, invited us to assist them; and their's was the chief merit of expelling the French. We then attempted to transfer them to their former unworthy masters, the knights, who had surrendered to the French without the shadow of a resistance; and thus, in all probability, prevented us from capturing the whole French army under Bonaparte, together with the fleet afterwards taken at Aboukir. The British government soon became sensible of the impolicy of rein-

stating the knights, and evaded the execution of their engagements.

Holland. If the Prince of Orange were to place himself at the head of his partisans, we might be the first power to assist him and acknowledge his claims; but after the fall of the government by its own weakness and the disaffection of the people to the stadtholder, and after the establishment of a new order of things by the peace of Amiens, we should be under no obligation by the law of nations, and it would be very impolitic to grant him our alliance and protection, unless he gave us sufficient security, that he would not go over to our enemy, as soon as he found it convenient. If we replace him at the expence of our blood and treasure, the least that the Prince of Orange can offer, is to rule as Viceroy of Great Britain, to pay tribute, and furnish troops to us, and not we to him.

Walcheren, with a flotilla, would have been almost as defensible as Gibraltar, and with a garrison not much larger. Whether the loss of men, by its climate acting upon a small garrison not exposed to hardships, provided with proper conveniences, and having all possible precautions taken to prevent sickness, would have been serious, so serious at least as to counterbalance its advantages, cannot be decided by a merely military man. A few undisciplined Dutch and Flemish patriots defended it successfully against the vast military power of Philip II. of Spain, in spite of its climate. The advantages of retaining it would have been that it would have rendered the Scheldt useless, and would have been the finest point from whence to attempt not merely the destruction of ships and gun-boats, but the permanent conquest of Holland, a thing we ought always to have in view.

Prussia. The only terms on which we can make a peace with the King of Prussia, which will not be ten times worse than eternal war, are that he submit to become our tributary, and maintain a British army in his dominions as a proper security for his not again infamously betraying us. Let us never again advance him money wherewithal to make war against ourselves.

Austria having nothing to fear from Great Britain, and nothing to gain by being at war with us, is our natural ally; and as she has much to gain and more to fear from France, it is our interest to support her with our whole strength. There are two ways of supporting her in a future war.

First, by sending a corps to serve with some Austrian army. In this case we could not pretend to the chief command, as the Austrian army would be much more numerous; a point which we would never give up in the navy, and ought not in the land-service, following the example of the Romans, who would never suffer their armies to be commanded by the generals of their allies. Our army in this case would encounter the usual hardships and sufferings of war, no part of which we should have the power of remedying but through application to our allies, which would lead to discontents, and probably to the recall of our force.

Secondly, we may support Austria by attacking the French vigorously in Italy, Holland, or the north of Europe, leaving the whole force of Austria free and undivided to act on her own frontier, by which plan all jealousies would be avoided. Going as principals, we should have a right every where to demand, and enforce our claims to the necessary supplies: our own character would be more at stake, having not a shadow of a pretext, by which we could ascribe the disappointment of our hopes to the remissness of others; and this feeling of itself must contribute materially to our success. We must tell the Austrians that we have seen reason to place more confidence in our own troops than in any whom we can hire from a foreign power: that we are willing to send 40 or 50,000 men to attack our common enemy, but that we will grant no money, having none to spare, and that we are determined to keep our conquests, because we must in justice have something to reimburse us for the expences of the war, unless our allies choose to take the British troops into pay, and then, but not otherwise, we might perhaps relax in our demands, or rather wave our right to territorial acquisition.

Russia cannot be urged to join us by such powerful motives as Austria, but it may not perhaps be altogether impossible to persuade the emperor and his nobles, that our friendship will be more useful to them than that of the French, who every moment give them fresh cause of jealousy. We have it in our power to threaten Russia, and may thwart her in many points; and since it is indispensably necessary for us, if we wish to prosper in our foreign affairs, to make other states fully sensible, that it will be contrary to their interests, if not dangerous to their existence, to venture to offend us, we should in time

of war do every thing to make the Russians feel and dread our power.

It is time for us to shew the world that we cannot only save ourselves, independently of foreign assistance, but that we are fully determined to humble or destroy all our enemies, or to perish in the attempt. By these maxims alone can a nation either increase in power, or preserve its existence in perilous times. The destruction of Cronstadt would have been more likely to conciliate the Russians than if we had given them twenty sail of the line.

Sweden. To the present government we are fortunately bound by no ties. That the leading men are pensioners of Russia or France, the late events, the cession of Finland, and election of Bernadotte, seem to have fully proved. We ought therefore to carry the war into Sweden, not as enemies, but as deliverers, leaving it to the people to decide whether they will reinstate their former government or not. We may offer them, either an alliance with us as an independent state, or propose a federal union with Great Britain, upon terms favourable to their freedom and prosperity, and at the same time beneficial to us.

Denmark. If a British army were to land in Norway, the true question should be, whether the Norwegians would accept our offers of a fair and equal union with Great Britain, or become the slaves of France. Such an union would preserve their liberties, and while their timber would be beneficial to us, they would have a wider field thrown open for the exertion of their talents, of their enterprise, and industry. The strength of their country baffles invasion, so that we should be at a trifling expence in our defensive establishments, besides the people of Sweden will be more ready to declare in our favour than to act against us. No enterprise in Sweden ought to be attempted before Norway is secured, but the preliminary step to the whole is an attack on the Danish isles, a measure indispensable to the success of our views in Scandinavia, no less than in Germany. If Denmark were inclined to accept conditions, in order to shew our moderation, we should offer terms; first, that she give up Zealand to be garrisoned by British troops till the conclusion of a general peace; secondly that she furnish a contingent of Danish troops equal to those we should lose in occupying Zealand, to be employed in any part of Europe, clothed, &c. at our expence, provided that Denmark grant a subsidy for the adequate maintenance of our garrison in Zea-

land. Thus Denmark would defend itself against France in Norway and the islands, which she could not without our assistance. We should have no expence, and hold a security to prevent our ally from betraying us, which after the two armed neutralities is necessary.

Turkey. The immediate downfall of Turkey has been predicted by almost every traveller for more than half a century, and yet it still stands, whilst other supposed strong and warlike states (Prussia for example) have been crumbled into dust. Such is the superiority in war of that manly, unyielding, undesponding spirit, which obliges an enemy to fight for every inch of ground he gains over mere tactics and discipline. In the case of a war with Turkey, though we ought certainly to establish as strong a British party as possible among the Greeks in general, and keep the ultimate emancipation of them in view, it appears that it would not be advisable for us to attempt more than the conquest of the Greek islands, and of Egypt. To do more would require too great a portion of our disposable force, and might be unnecessary, while we find employment for the French armies, by attacking them in Spain, in the north of Europe, and in Italy.

France. Tyrannical governments are weak at home, but having the whole resources of the empires over which they rule fully at their command, they are strong and formidable in offensive war. We should therefore attack such an enemy at home. But the dread of another revolution, and change of property, together with some military reasons, render a direct attack on France inexpedient. Nothing on the contrary can be more tempting to our arms, or afford us fairer hopes of a successful issue than the other continental countries conquered, or in a state of vassalage to France: the people disaffected, and the soldiery inclined, as usual, to follow the fate of their country: The rapine and extortion which this disaffection will cause Bonaparte to commit, and the horror and detestation which he will consequently incur, furnish strong grounds of hope. But at the present it is not advisable to divide our force to attack the French any where except in the Spanish peninsula. Should the French offer to make peace with us, we must refuse to negotiate, except upon such conditions as will give us proper security for their future good conduct. The evacuation of the peninsula, and the kingdom of Naples should be the preliminaries in an armistice. We should then require the French to renounce maritime affairs for ever, and deliver up to us every vessel belong-

ing to them, intitled to carry a pendant, from the three-decker to the gun-boat inclusive. If Bonaparte treat these conditions as injurious to his dignity, and disadvantageous to his interests, we may tell him that our own national safety is dearer to us than his personal feelings. If, as he professes, his desire is to prevent the effusion of blood, we may tell him that the only way is to leave the Spaniards to settle their own affairs. If he treat such proposals with indignation or contempt, then we must tell him that we cannot mistake the ulterior and only views of the usurper of Spain and Switzerland, and must remind him that they whose views a peace would promote, must yield to the terms of those whose interest it is to remain at war: and that till France submit to our demands, we and our posterity will make war with him and his successors for ever.

To prove that a daring and vigorous system of martial policy is practicable, it is necessary to consider,

First, That this nation is already a military nation, if the being engaged in constant wars both by land and sea, and if the vanquishing hostile armies, superior in numbers, can give a claim to that title, we have a better claim to it than any nation of the present times, much better than the French, whom we have so often beaten in the field.

Secondly, That this nation has a better chance of success from the nature of its government; for though the form of government be a secondary consideration, unless its military policy and institutions be equal or superior to those of its adversaries, yet *cæteris paribus*, or where there is not an overwhelming disparity, the contest will terminate in favour of that party which has the best government. Harrington says, a free nation acting on a wise and vigorous martial policy, may easily destroy all its enemies.

Thirdly, That it is not necessary to give up commerce for the purpose of adopting a more vigorous martial policy. The French having lost commerce by their cowardice at sea, affect to imitate the policy of Rome, and decry that which was wrested from them by the sword. The downfall of Carthage arose not from her commerce, (that was an advantage in war), nor from want of martial spirit, (no nation ever had more) but from a political error committed by the first founders of the commonwealth. They did not attach the conquered people to them, while Rome founded its power on an equal and

honourable union with their kindred tribes, like that of Scotland and England. Carthage was weak at home, and the democratical part of her constitution outweighed the other branches. All that is requisite in this nation is to prevent an exclusively commercial spirit, and the considering national wealth as the only definition of National glory.

Fourthly, That there is good ground to suppose that the French armies are not so numerous as is usually represented. Where were the million of warriors, whom Bonaparte is said to have at his command, when 120,000 Austrians, seemingly deficient in discipline, brought him to a stand in Germany, and 120,000 mixed troops, most of them irregulars, kept him in check in Spain, whilst Murat, who was loudly threatening a descent in Sicily, if the truth were known, may not have been without apprehensions himself. The numbers of Bonaparte at that period could not have exceeded 240,000, unless we suppose an inferiority in the character of the French troops. But if, as is usual, we give his armies credit for any thing wonderful or vastly superior to the rest of the world, we must necessarily make an abatement from the above supposition. Hence had the 40,000, who were sent to Walcheren, been seasonably employed in Spain, or in Italy, or in Germany, before the Austrians had submitted, they might have completely ruined Bonaparte's affairs.

Fifthly, That no great increase in our numbers, and consequently expences would be necessary to carry into effect a more vigorous system of martial policy. The defence of this country might be safely entrusted to the militia, volunteers, &c. with a proportion of cavalry and artillery, and a few regiments of the line, which it might be prudent to keep in Ireland. Then we should have disposable 120,000 for incessant actual service, which would be amply sufficient to effect the destruction of the French empire. There will be no want of men for soldiers, so long as there is a demand for them. A nation suddenly setting on foot a large army has the same effect on the population, as if some new branch of industry, that required many thousand hands, had been established by the enterprise of individuals. A temporary rise in the price of labour might ensue, and the complaints of short-sighted policy would be heard. But the wealth of a state ultimately consists in, or at least can only be preserved by its military strength and courage. A vigorous continental war will feed itself, supplying its own extra consumption

of men and money, without any additional burthen to the people of England.

Sixthly, That the system has the innate strength of a just cause, and cannot be confounded with Machiavelian or French policy. A system of conquest is here recommended from a belief of its necessity to the success of the war, which is a war of self-defence, and to the existence of Great Britain, which appears necessary for the liberties of mankind. It is by no means meant that we should treat the people of other countries as conquered nations, where they have good laws, and are contented with them, let them enjoy them on the system recommended in treating of Norway. Where they have bad ones, or badly administered, let us improve their condition by granting them the same happy security of person and property, which we ourselves enjoy, retaining only the necessary supremacy in their affairs. The ambition of Great Britain, were we to conquer on these principles, would be a blessing to mankind; nor is there any obstacle to our success so serious as our unhappy and degrading national prejudice, that we ought not to, or cannot effectually, extend our efforts in war beyond the limits of a particular element. Even to the least sanguine observer, the present aspect of affairs seems to prognosticate increasing energy in our military policy, and it is devoutly to be wished that some new success may encourage us to persevere. It is painful to think that our own vigour, on which the fate of Great Britain, perhaps of the world, will depend, is likely to be the slave of fortune, and that our warlike measures, which ought not to be commanded by, but to command events, may be influenced like the speculations of a stock jobber, by good or bad news from abroad. Should our army in Portugal meet with any reverse, we shall in all probability relapse again into our desponding evacuating system. Then it is to be apprehended that the disease may prove incurable; so that after evacuating our foreign possessions, one after another, until we have nothing more left to evacuate, we shall draw the war into our own country. That we surely shall not think of evacuating; but if we despond, then what is to become of us? The wise, safe, just, and most effectual mode of defending our country, is, according to the opinion of Captain Pasley, by attacking and destroying all its enemies.

In the above we have given a faithful abstract of Captain Pasley's performance, which we were the more inclined to do, from the singularity of his opinions. His

mode of thinking on political subjects is sometimes new, and always forcible. His mind is evidently one of much energy and comprehension. There are some of his sentiments, in which we cannot coincide; and, we believe that the *finances* of this country are not in such a state as to render his whole system practicable, even if it were morally good and politically wise.

ART. IV.—*Psyche, with other Poems.* By the late Mrs. Henry Tighe, 8vo. 10s. 6d. Longman, 1811.

THE common observation that letters betray the manners and disposition of the writer, may be extended to poems; and, when it is recollected that traces of his individual, or at least national character, are discernible in the works even of Shakspeare, whose unexampled versatility of talents enabled him, as it were, by transmigration of his soul, to identify himself with the several persons of his drama, it will not appear unreasonable to conclude that Mrs. Tighe's poems are a mirror of herself. We should be sorry to be shaken in this opinion, for the image thus reflected to our mental sight is beautiful! The elegance and refinement, which proceed from good breeding, when it operates on a benevolent heart; a sensitive frame and exquisite tenderness of feeling, balanced by sweetness, patience, and constancy, are leading lines in the moral portrait of Mrs. Tighe, drawn from the internal evidence of her writings.

On the other hand poems which have the power of reflecting the author's character in such advantageous colours, must in themselves disclose kindred excellencies. While they present a captivating resemblance of their lost parent, and recal to mind her brief and melancholy pilgrimage on earth; while, like lovely orphans, they derive honour from their origin, and confer it in return, they smite the heart of the reader with a mingled feeling of sadness and delight.

The choice of the subject forms the chief draw-back on the merits of *Psyche*. Allegory, and especially that kind, which is founded on classical mythology, has lost its novelty, and with its novelty its principal charms. In its nature it is cold and artificial, and formal even in its utmost luxuriance. Like white it dazzles the eye, while it rejects the warm ray which is thrown upon it: it might suit the age of clipt yews and marble fountains, but in the

present generation it interests none but the bookish school boy or the mystic devotee. Refinement is the chief cause of this revolution in the public taste. True refinement is not a departure from nature, but a return to it: it delights indeed in what is select, but rejects every thing *bizarre*, fantastic, and improbable: it is that consummation of art which conceals art, and prefers a finished ease and simplicity to laboured fancy and quaint devices. It must ever be regretted, that an author endued with no ordinary powers in the beautiful and pathetic, should have wasted them on a fable, wherein it is impossible to feel an atom of affection for the hero or heroine. To what are we to impute the choice of a fable, the characters of which elude our embrace—like winds or empty dreams that fly the day?

Mrs. Tighe wanted neither taste nor feeling. But she whose spirit was broken with actual grief, might fear to touch a string, which would vibrate too long and too painfully. Withdrawing from real and even fictitious sorrow, when it bore the appearance of reality, she might fancy a relief in sharing the imaginary distresses of the phantoms of an ideal world. Thus she dissolved the substance of sorrow into a sound, while she pursued with enthusiasm the aerial and melodious harpings created by her own imagination.

The style of *Psyche* is far superior to the fable; it is delicate, simple, and unaffected (if affectation consist in unsuccessful imitation); the diction for the most part is pure and classical, plain, yet rarely prosaic, never mean; and the verse flows with a liquid and unbroken melody. In a word, the author of *Psyche* takes a middle flight, between earth and heaven, and preserves an even elevation with unfatigued wing. She seldom thrills, surprises, or deeply engages her reader, but often casts him into a voluptuous and soothing trance; and the effect of the whole may be not unaptly compared to a dream of sweet music.

'Noiseless as planets move, thy numbers flow,
And soft as lover's whispers, when they woo.'

The following description may rival some of the beautiful vignettes of Ovid in his *Metamorphoses*.

'Mid the thick covert of that woodland shade,
A flowery bank there lay undressed by art,
But of the mossy turf spontaneous made;
Here the young branches shot their arms athwart,
And wove the bower so thick in every part;

That the fierce beams of Phœbus glancing strong -
 Could never thro' the leaves their fury dart ;
 But the sweet creeping shrubs, that round it throng,
 Their loving fragrance mix, and trail their flowers along.

' And close beside a little fountain play'd,
 Which thro' the trembling leaves all joyous shone,
 And with the cheerful birds sweet music made,
 Kissing the surface of each polished stone
 As it flowed past : sure, as her favourite throne
 Tranquillity might well esteem the bower,
 The fresh and cool retreat have called her own,
 A pleasant shelter in the sultry hour,
 A refuge from the blast and angry tempest's power.'

Canto I. p. 10.

We add the following extract from *Canto III. p. 94.*

' Oh ! have you never known the silent charm
 That undisturbed retirement yields the soul,
 Where no intruder might your peace alarm,
 And tenderness bath wept, without controul,
 While melting fondness o'er the bosom stole ?
 Did fancy never, in some lonely grove,
 Abridge the hours, which must in absence roll ;
 These pensive pleasures did you never prove ?
 Oh, you have never loved ! you know not what is love.

' They do not love who can to these prefer
 The tumult of the gay, or folly's rear ;
 The Muse they know not ; nor delight in her
 Who can the troubled soul to rest restore,
 Calm contemplation : yes, I must deplore
 Their joyless state, even more than his who mourns
 His love for ever lost ; delight no more
 Unto his widowed heart indeed returns,
 Yet, while he weeps, his soul their cold indifference spurns.'

' But if soft hope illumine fancy's dream,
 Assuring him of love and constancy
 How exquisite do then the moments seem,
 When he may hide himself from every eye,
 And cherish the dear thought in secrecy !
 While sweet remembrance soothes his thrilling heart,
 And brings once more past hours of kindness nigh,
 Recals the look of love when forced to part,
 And turns to drops of joy the tears that sadly start.'

We conclude our quotations from *Psyche* with the following beautiful simile :

' For there are hearts that, like some sheltered lake
 Ne'er swell with rage, nor foam with violence ;
 Though its sweet placid calm the tempests shake,
 Yet will it ne'er with furious impotence,

Dash its rude waves against the rocky fence,
Which nature placed the limits of its reign :
Thrice blest ! who feel the peace which flows from hence,
Whom meek-eyed gentleness can thus restrain,
What'er the storms of fate, with her let none complain.

Canto IV. p. 135.

In our selection of beautiful passages, the omission of the two sonnets addressed, one to W. P. Esq. Avondale, and the other to Death, would be unpardonable, as they afford the best specimens of the gracefulness and pathos, with which Mrs. Tighe could have written, had she chosen for her principal poem a subject worthy of her powers, instead of yielding, in an evil hour, to the seductions of the 'Mysterious Fair.'*

TO W. P. ESQ.—AVONDALE.

'We wish for thee, dear friend ! for summer eve
Upon thy loveliest landscape never cast
Looks of more lingering sweetness than the last.
The slanting sun, reluctant to bereave
Thy woods of beauty fondly seemed to leave
Smiles of the softest light, that slowly past
In bright succession o'er each charm thou hast
Thyself so oft admired. And we might grieve
Thine eye of taste should ever wander hence
O'er scenes less lovely than thine own ; but here
Thou wilt return, and feel thy home more dear ;
More dear the Muse's gentler influence,
When on the busy world, with wisdom's smile
And heart uninjured, thou hast gazed awhile.'—P. 236.

TO DEATH.

'O thou most terrible, most dreaded power,
In whatsoever form thou meetest the eye !
Whether thou biddest thy sudden arrow fly
In the dread silence of the midnight hour,
Or whether, hovering o'er the lingering wretch
Thy sad cold javelin hangs suspended long,
While round the couch the weeping kindred throng
With hope and fear alternately on stretch ;
Oh, say, for me what horrors are prepared ?
Am I now doomed to meet thy fatal arm ?
Or wilt thou first from life steal every charm,
And bear away each good my soul would guard ?
That thus, deprived of all it loved, my heart
From life itself contentedly may part.'—P. 235.

* Allegory, so denominated by Mrs. Tighe in her preface to *Psyche*.—
P. xii.

ART. V.—*Biographia Dramatica; or, a Companion to the Play-house; containing Historical and Critical Memoirs and original Anecdotes, of British and Irish Dramatic Writers, from the commencement of our Theatrical Exhibitions; among whom are some of the most celebrated Actors: Also, an Alphabetical Account, and Chronological Lists, of their Works, the Dates when printed, and Observations on their Merits; together with an Introductory View of the Rise and Progress of the British Stage. Originally Compiled in the Year 1764, by David Erskine Baker. Continued thence to 1782, by Isaac Reed, F. A. S. and brought down to the end of November, 1811, with very considerable Additions and Improvements throughout. By Stephen Jones, 4 Vols. 8vo. Longman, &c. 1812.*

THIS work has now stretched itself to a pass that becomes intolerable. A catalogue of plays and pantomimes in four sizeable octavos! *Le jeu n'en vaut pas la chandelle.* And all these buckram-men grown out of a 'list of plays, printed in the year 1656, and prefixed to Goffe's tragi-comedy of *The careless Shepherdess*, by the booksellers, who published that piece.' Little did those worthy men think that their shop-catalogue was the germ of a book like the present! When 'Francis Kirkman, a bookseller, augmented this list in 1664,' he had no scruples of conscience, lest the Langbaines, the Gildons, the Jacobses, the Egertons, the Bakers, the Reeds, and the Joneses, should lay any portion of the blame of authorship upon his shoulders. But how familiarly these very indices of wit talk of Thomas Goffe, and Francis Kirkman, authors probably in their day and generation, but men of whose genius and writings every reasonable reader would wish to know nothing! And yet our cataloguists would persuade themselves that the name and biography of every obscure scribbler who has scratched a farce, or chalked out a pantomime, deserves to be recorded to the latest posterity; and these pedants, who have spoiled very good auctioneers' clerks, actually fancy that they are historians, and that this is history.

'The impartiality of an historian,' says Mr. Jones, 'demands this declaration, that the performance of Mr. Chetwood, now under consideration, with the *Theatrical Records*, 12mo. 1756, and the *Play-house Pocket Companion*, 12mo. 1779, (both built on the same foundation) are equally erroneous, and altogether unworthy of the smallest regard.' Vol. I. p. lxxviii.

We say Mr. Jones writes thus, because, upon turning to Mr. Reed's edition in 1782, we find the the word *reviewer* more modestly employed. Being thus cautioned not to put our trust in the *Theatrical Records*, 12mo. 1756, and to hold no faith with the *Play-House Pocket Companion*, 12mo. 1779, we are formally introduced first to a 12mo. volume, 1788, called the *Theatrical Remembrancer*, through which we pass, in 1792, to the *Theatrical Dictionary*, whence, giving the go-by to *Barker's Continuation*, 12mo. 1801, we are initiated into the dawn of *Baker's Companion to the Play-House*, 2 vols. 12mo. 1764, portentous of the full blaze of the *Biographia Dramatica* itself, the last edition of which was extended to 2 vols. 8vo. by Mr. Isaac Reed, and the present being lengthened into twice that number by Mr. Stephen Jones. So much for this history of histories!

There must be an end of this rubbish. The overwhelming mass of dramatic pieces, to which the present age, fertile in dulness, has given birth, has not only no right to be recorded, but it is a public nuisance and grievance so to record them. It really will never be of consequence to man, woman, or child, whether Mr. Cross produced his *Number Nip* before or after his *Our Native Land and Gallant Protectors*, or whether he produced them at all. And all this trumpery, this discourse of things, which are not, (for the names of nine-tenths of the dramas in these volumes have vanished like the play-bills of their times), is recorded by double-entry, half of Mr. Jones's work being composed of an alphabetical list of dramatists, and half of a similar list of dramas; and the nicest care is taken in every biography to repeat the list of the dramatists' works, which will be found in the other department of the book, under their several letters. Now this is really too much for human patience; and what it is that sanctifies every thing in the shape of a *play* to this *perpetuum rei testimonium*, we have not been able to discover. We have not such repositories for every volume of fugitive poetry, which has kept up the demand in the paper-market: God forbid! And although Mr. Ritson has given us the names and works of every rhymester he could scrape together, under pretence of calling them '*English Poets*,' yet his *Bibliographia Poetica* ventures no further than the end of the sixteenth century. These complete catalogues cannot be carried into the present times, when a monthly list of new publications forms a pamphlet of itself. A history of poetry is not only a feasible, but a valuable

thing, and we are impatient for Mr. Park's continuation of Warton. We know of no greater *desideratum* in literature than a good history of the stage; but we can assure Mr. Jones, that his Reed's Baker's *Biographia Dramatica* leaves the *desideratum* still in full force. Mr. Jones has, it is true, carried the introduction to this book, which is modestly called 'A Brief View of the Rise and Progress of the English Stage,' through the O. P. riot, down to the close of the last year; but if the original sketch were meagre and uninteresting, the continuation is still more partial and slight. We cannot divine the 'many accounts, on which Mr. Jones forbears to enter into the particulars of the O. P. riot.' The impression and prejudice of the dispute is completely gone by; and we are short-sighted enough to think, that it was Mr. Jones's duty to have entered fully and philosophically into so unprecedented an indication of the popular feeling. We are afraid this compiler must be content, that his four volumes shall be treated, by some future historian of the British stage, as *Mémoires pour servir*, as a mass of raw materials, which it is reserved for a happier pen to 'turn into shape.'

The first half of Mr. Jones's work being filled with the biographies or notices of every man or woman, who has at any time, not only published, but written or composed a burletta or burlesque, ballad opera, ballet, comedy, comical history, moral, satire, or sketch, comic opera, drama, dramatic anecdote, entertainment, fable, novel, opera, romance, poem, satire, or tale, divertissement, farce, farcical opera, fairy tale, historical play, interlude, masque, melodrama, opera, occasional prelude, play, pastoral drama, petite piece, pastoral tragi-comedy, pantomime, pastoral, prelude, serenata, serio-comic opera, or romance, spectacle, tragedy, tragi-comedy, or tragi-comi-operatical-pastoral-farce,—the first two volumes, giving an account of men and women, are by far the more interesting. We meet here, of course, with the well-known biographies of the greater part of our best poets; for which of them did not at some period of his life attempt or trifle with the dramatic style; and Mr. Jones has gone so far as to claim Swift as one of his subjects, prefacing his biography with the following introduction:

'SWIFT, D. JONATHAN. This excellent writer has never yet been included in any list of dramatic authors; but though his temper and inclination seem not to have led him to pay much regard to the stage, yet we apprehend him to have an undoubted right to a place in this work, even on account of his

Polite Conversation, which is carried on in a manner *truly dramatic*. He was born, &c. Vol. i, p. 2. p. 698.

By this rule, every writer of a dialogue is amenable to Mr. Jones's court; and we immediately turned to the letters L and W, to see whether Plato, Lucian, Cicero, Tasso, Fontenelle, Lord Lyttleton, Dr. Hurd, or Mr. Wynne, had places on account of their several works in *dialogues*. They have not; but surely they are ill-used. Mr. Jones's criticism escapes in subtle generalities: he calls Swift an excellent writer, and speaks of the undoubted claim of Swift's *Polite Conversation* to be called a legitimate drama; but really, to our poor apprehension, the style of that exquisite piece of ridicule would have been better designated '*falsely dramatic*,' than *truly so*; for surely a play written upon its model, would be no other than a burlesque. The nearest approach to it, in our recollection, are the *comic scenes* of Southern's *Oroonoko*, which can never be called true drama.

'Besides the *Polite Conversation* already mentioned,' Mr. Jones's biography concludes, 'it is asserted by George Faulkner, in a note on Mr. Ford's letter, dated Dec. 13, 1732, that the dean, in 1730, wrote two acts of a comedy, which he sent to Mr. Gay to finish, called '*The Players' Rehearsal*.'

Here was a much better pretence for enrolling Saul among the prophets; but we are quite convinced, that if any body had asked Swift whether he was a dramatist, he would have replied, '*Not to his knowledge*.'

We were surprised to find, that neither Pope nor Arbuthnot were punished for their share in *Three Hours after Marriage* by a den, a piece in Mr. Jones's *menagerie*. The fact of their authorship is mentioned in recording the comedy; but no handle of this is made, as a pretence to detail their birth, parentage, and education. Alas, poor Swift!*

And yet the Rev. Mr. Henry John Todd is noticed, as '*deriving his niche in this work from an edition with notes and other illustrations, of Comus. M. 8vo. 1798*.'

By this rule, much more ought every editor of Shakspeare, Beaumont and Fletcher, Ben Jonson, &c. as well as every other editor of Milton, down to Mr. Bell, the bookseller, to be entitled to the record of his biography in these volumes.

* Upon our arrival at the first '*Appendix to the First Volume*' of this work, we found, that Mr. Jones had partly supplied this deficiency.

' Oh, fond attempt to give a deathless lot
 To names ignoble, born to be forgot!
 In vain, recorded in historic page,
 They court the notice of a future age:
 Those twinkling tiny lustres of the land
 Drop one by one from Fame's neglecting hand;
 Lethean gulphs receive them as they fall,
 And dark oblivion soon absorbs them all.' COWPER.

The following is the most amusing specimen of the work which we can readily select:

JENNENS, CHARLES, a non-conformist gentleman, of considerable fortune, at Gopsal, in Leicestershire, and was descended from a family, which was among the many who have acquired ample fortunes at Birmingham, where they were equally famous for industry and generosity. In his youth, he was so remarkable for the number of his servants, the splendour of his equipages, and the profusion of his table, that from this excess of pomp he acquired the title of *Solyman the Magnificent*. Not long before his death, he imprudently thrust his head into a nest of hornets by an edition of Shakspeare, which he began by publishing *King Lear* in 8vo. 1770. He published *Hamlet* in 1772, and *Othello* and *Macbeth* in 1773; and would have proceeded farther, but death prevented him. *Julius Cæsar*, which was in his life time put to the press, was published in 1774. His attempt, which was lame and impotent, indeed, being treated with contempt by the reigning editors, he wrote or caused to be written by some of his numerous parasites, a pamphlet against Dr. Johnson and Mr. Steevens, whom he suspected (perhaps justly enough), of having turned his commentatorial talents into ridicule. This doughty performance he is said to have had read aloud to him every day for at least a month after its publication; while he himself kept a constant eye on the newspapers, that he might receive the earliest intelligence of the moment at which these gentlemen should have hanged or drowned themselves, in consequence of his attack on their abilities and characters. That the two now-deceased critics, however, may escape the accusation of having disturbed an unoffending old man in his harmless amusement, it is necessary to add, that hostilities were commenced by himself; he having, in his preface and notes to *King Lear*, charged all his predecessors, by implication at least, with negligence and infidelity. So enamoured was he of pomp, as has been before observed, that if his transit were only from Great Ormond-street, Bloomsbury, where he resided, to his printer's (Mr. Bowyer), in Red Lion-passagè, Fleet-street, he always travelled with four horses, and sometimes with as many servants behind his carriage. In his progress up the paved court, a footman usually preceded him, to kick oyster-shells and other impediments out of his way. The chief error

of his life consisted in his perpetual association with a set of men every way inferior to himself. By these means, he lost all opportunities of improvement; but gained—what he preferred to the highest gratification of wisdom—flattery in excess. His name is recorded in this work, on account of his having compiled the words of some of Handel's Oratorios, and particularly those for *The Messiah*; an easy task, as it was only a selection of Scripture verses. He died at Gopsal, Nov. 20, 1773; and his Shakspeare has been long since consigned to book-stalls and chandlers' shops.' Vol. I. pt. ii. pp. 396-7.

We suppose, that it is to Mr. Isaac Reed, one of Shakspeare's dull commentators, that the work before us owes such swellings out, as the following:

'ARMIN, ROBERT. * * * * There was published in the year 1604, a pamphlet entitled *A Discourse of Elizabeth Armin, who, with some other Complices, attempted to poison her Husband*. Whether this anecdote has any reference to our author, we cannot pretend to affirm, but think it by no means improbable, from the correspondence of the date with the time in which he FLOURISHED.' Vol. i. pt. i. p. 8.

There are no fewer than sixty harlequinades recorded under the title of Harlequin so-and-so; and many sprinkled through the dictionary under more original titles. The following is a rich specimen of the utter dotage of this book:

'HARLEQUIN MULTIPLIED. A piece with this title, we find in Mr. Bathoe's Catalogue, but know not either its date or design, not having been able to come at the sight of it. [Cruel debarment!] We imagine it, however, to have been a pantomime. [Cautious, yet shrewd, conjecture!] and consequently the produce of these last fifty or sixty years.—[Thus far Mr. Reed: Mr. Jones now claims audience.] Thus the preceding editions of this work. By the kindness of Mr. Kemble, however, we are enabled to state, that this is a pantomime. [The momentous question for ever set at rest]; and an account of it will be found under the title ARGENTINA STREGA. The piece is in the collection of the above-named gentleman.' Vol. ii. p. 282.

And there let it sleep. We have not even curiosity enough to turn to the title, Argentina Strega.

The criticism of this work discovers a want of uniformity, which plainly shews it to be often the injudicious gleanings from reviews, or former biographies. How can the epithets 'great and good,' which are bestowed upon Dr. Young in one place, be reconciled with the character which is given of him in his life, in another?

Was there ever so well-neutralized an article as the following, for the retention only of which Mr. Jones is answerable:

'MOSS, THEOPHILUS, was author of one most contemptible piece, which was never acted, but of which the vanity of seeing his name in print, seduced him to the publication, entitled, *The General Lover*, C. 8vo. 1749.

We have been informed, however, that the real name of this writer was *not Moss*, but Martiott. Vol. i. pt. ii. p. 528.

As the critic approaches the present times, whenever he writes from himself, he discovers a partiality for the wretched dramatists of the modern school, which completely discredits his testimony.

Upon the whole, our opinion will appear to be, that the work before us is very badly executed; and, that if it had been well done, we should have censured it as an unworthy and warty excrescence upon the fair face of literature. There is no adequate need of such a book. The compilation is a prostitution of pen, paper, and press. We, in common with every literary man, could add greatly to the list of plays and play-wrights, from our own personal knowledge and information; but such knowledge and information are not worth giving and recording.

ART. VI.—*Three Letters on the Subject of the British and Foreign Bible Society; addressed to the Rev. Dr. Marsh, and John Cokor, Esq. By the Right Hon. Nicolas Vansittart.* London, Hatchard, 1812.

THE main arguments which have been adduced to alienate the public from the interests of the Bible Society, are founded not on any evils, which it has actually produced, but on those contingent mischiefs which may possibly arise out of its establishment. But what institution is there, even of the most beneficent tendencies, in which the malignity of an interested enemy, who aims at fortune or distinction by opposing it, may not descry some latent possibilities of mischief or abuse?

The same objections, or objections at least similar to those, which have been urged against the Bible Society, were brought forward by the Papists against the Protestants, when the latter endeavoured to render the people in general acquainted with the Scriptures, by the circulation of them in a language which they could understand. If this be permitted, said the partisans of the ancient mumery, the people will become indifferent to the mass; they will be rendered sufficiently acute to discern the incongruity of the established superstitions, with the scriptural doctrine;

and the revenues of St. Peter will suffer a serious defalcation. Heretics will increase and heretics be multiplied, till the Virgin Mary and all the Saints will be no more worshipped than Jupiter or Minerva. Thus, said the pure and upright professors of the Romish church in the days of the reformation.

It is asserted by the enemies of the Bible Society, that its tendency is to produce a disregard of the liturgy, and ultimately to indispose people to the interests of the established church. Here the liturgy is opposed to the Bible, and the Church of England to the Church of Christ. And it is not a little remarkable, that this opposition between the Bible and the Liturgy, and between the doctrine of the gospel and that of the establishment, appears to be forced on the public attention by those persons, who are thrusting themselves forward as the champions of the national sanctuary, of the immaculate purity of its articles of faith, and the scriptural origin of all its rites of adoration. But if the whole ecclesiastical system of the establishment be of such unspotted chastity as it is represented, why should the diffusion of a little more scriptural knowledge amongst the people be represented as so likely to bring it into disgrace, and to make it appear vitiated and impure?

When churchmen express such fears about the circulation of the Scriptures, is it not a tacit confession, that they do not think the doctrines of the church will endure the test of scriptural examination? What would the venerable fathers of the English reformed church, if they could rise out of their graves, say to the pusillanimous scruples of those who object to the circulation of the word of God amongst the people, lest it should subvert the fabric which they had supported only because they thought it agreeable to that word? Or if they were left to choose between the church of Christ and any of the separate societies, which have branched from it, would they not prefer the greater to the less? Would they not say, let that which is the trunk of righteousness, flourish, though some of the scions which human wisdom has grafted on it, may decay?

The true church of Christ is founded in the heart, where God is worshipped without any external rites, where the adoration which he receives, is the offering of the pure and upright, the breathing incense of gratitude and love. This is the church which the labours of the Bible Society are particularly calculated to spread over the world; and if this be the object, which it is likely to attain, it is of less

consequence than is commonly imagined, how much or how little it may contribute to the support of those buildings of brick and stone, those works of human hands, which have the names of Athanasius, Arius, or Socinus, written on their walls. The systems of human invention are doomed to perish like the inventors; and the fabrics perishable beings must sooner or later lie down in the dust with those from whom they sprung; but the work of God is not made of such crumbling materials, nor will his church, which is immutable as his attributes, ever fail. The time is coming, said one, whose wisdom we shall not liken to that of any modern professors, when God, who is a spirit, shall be worshipped in spirit and in truth. The only true church, the communion of charity and peace, the pure sanctuary of present devotion and the vestibule of future blessedness, is here characteristically described, without any of the gross pantomime of folly with which man has in different ages and climes encumbered the worship of his maker. If the Bible Society be instrumental, as we trust that it will, in multiplying these pure worshippers of God amongst men, in enlarging the blessed communion of universal charity, till the father of mercies shall be worshipped without one sensation of bitterness or one sentiment of ill will, it will do more real good in the moral world than any religious society which has ever existed since the age of the Apostles.

These letters of Mr. Vansittart evince the liberality of a gentleman and the exalted charity of a true disciple of Christ. The third letter is the most full, and altogether the best. The Bible Society can never be weak against any assailants, whilst they have such an advocate as Mr. Vansittart on their side. In the following passage, Mr. Vansittart, whilst he shows a right sense of the excellence of the established church, does not forget, that that church is subordinate to one of higher origin.

'We venerate the liturgy,' says Mr. Vansittart, 'as one of the most valuable and important of human compositions; but when attempts are made to place it on a level with the Bible, to assert, that the Bible cannot safely be circulated without it, we are obliged to confess, that the difference is no less than between *divine perfection* and *human frailty*.

'Such a claim of equality with the Bible, the venerable and holy men who compiled our liturgy, would have disclaimed with horror. There is no point on which they more firmly insist than upon the complete and absolute sufficiency of the Scriptures, in matters of faith: this is indeed the very basis of the reforma-

tion; while the authority of the church in points of doctrine is no less avowedly the foundation of popery.

'The danger of the perversion of Scripture, on which you so much insist, is the very argument used by the Papists in defence of the denial of the Bible to the laity. And indeed, to such a length do you carry your argument, that I do not know what answer you could give to a Catholic doctor who should justify the practice of his church by your authority.'

'I trust,' says the able author, whose mind is now opening on views which inspire the most lively feelings of piety and benevolence in him who delights in contemplating the moral improvement of his species in every nation under heaven, 'that the support of the public will become so extensive and decided as to enable the society, in the most exact and extensive sense, to carry the Gospel to every nation under heaven; and though these are terms to which you think the exertions of the society can never be commensurate, I must remind you, that in eight years they have extended from China to Peru; and from Iceland to the Cape of Good Hope.

'That these exertions can be injurious to the Church of England, I cannot think so meanly of the church as to admit. It would be with the deepest regret that I should discover, that the prosperity of the Church of England was incompatible with the establishment of the universal Church of Christ; because the inevitable result of such a discovery, would be a conviction, that the Church of England was not (as I have always thought it), a genuine and distinguished portion of that true church. And you concur so far in the same opinion as to be willing to permit the existence of the Bible Society, and even to allow Dissenters to belong to it, provided its operations are exclusively directed abroad.

'I am not surprised, that you should resort to this suggestion, which has indeed, from the first formation of the society, been the proposal of its *enemies*; but you must not expect its *friends* to acquiesce in a proposition which would inevitably occasion its destruction.

'In the first place, the funds of the society depend principally upon the formation and continuance of auxiliary societies. Now though these societies cheerfully contribute a part of their subscriptions for the promotion of the *general* plans of the Bible Society, yet their more direct and immediate object is the supply of the *local wants* of their respective districts. They are by no means actuated by that spirit of *universal philanthropy* which you are pleased to ridicule (and which, so far as it is affected and hypocritical, well deserves your ridicule), but by the maxim of ordinary prudence, to do good *first at home*. They would certainly fall to pieces, if deprived of the means of being locally useful; and with them the principal society would sink. But

supposing, that, contrary to all probability, it could continue its existence, what co-operation could be expected among men united for a common exertion *abroad*, upon principles which implied disunion, jealousy, and enmity at *home*? men who would naturally belong to rival and unfriendly societies in their respective neighbourhoods, and who would bring into their common discussions the hostile passions which had actuated their previous contentions.

* How different from the meetings of the Bible Society, in which the Churchman and Dissenter meet to lay aside their prejudices, and, forgetting partial distinctions, look only to the *Scriptures*, which they *alike acknowledge*, and the *Saviour* whom they *equally adore*; and learn to carry away into the intercourse of life the spirit of candour, benevolence, and union! To the diffusion of such a spirit, I look with the sincerest pleasure and the most anxious expectation; and I am persuaded, that the extension of the Bible Society will most effectually promote it.

Mr. Vansittart very ably repels the invidious suggestions, that the Bible Society is likely to prove injurious to the state, not only by producing a disregard of the liturgy, but a repeal of the test act.

* There can be no doubt, that the most glorious and happy state of religion upon earth, would be that of a community universally agreeing in the belief and practice of true christianity, unmixed with prejudice or error. But this is a state rather to be desired than hoped, in the present condition of man.

* But there is an inferior degree of happiness more within our prospect, and yet, perhaps, as perfect as human infirmity allows us to hope for, wherein, though all differences of opinion should not be extinguished, yet they may be so refined from all party prejudices and interested views, so softened by the spirit of charity and mutual conciliation, and so controlled by agreement in the leading principles and zeal for the general interests of christianity, that no sect or persuasion should be tempted to make religion subservient to secular views, or to employ political power to the prejudice of others.

* In such a state of things, you will agree with me, that the test act would be unnecessary; but I will admit to you, that the present situation of this country is, in my opinion, very different from that which I have described. I confess, however, that I believe the Bible Society to have a strong tendency to produce such a state of things, and it is one of the points in which I most admire it. In *this way*, it *may* become a mean of removing the test act, not by the depression of the church, not by any accession of political power to the Dissenters, but by burying their differences in cordial union, and leading both parties to a more sincere and genuine practice of religion.

The author very acutely remarks, that in the possible

cases in which danger may arise to the church, one of them would be, 'if the abuses of the church should be confounded with its interests.' Yet, is not this precisely the perilous situation into which the enemies to the reform of notorious abuses are inconsiderately precipitating the whole ecclesiastical system? The permanent interests of the church are confounded with frivolous rites, or with certain ambiguous points of faith and doctrine, which might be relinquished with a great accession of security both to the church and to the state. In this period of convulsion and change, it is the interest of the state to embody all the virtue and talent of the country in support of the church; and this can be done only by opening the doors of the establishment to honest and conscientious men of all sects, and by letting the ecclesiastical system stand, where alone it can be impregnable to all assailants, on the rock of a comprehensive charity. If the Bible Society, by bringing men of a great diversity of speculative opinions together, and by inspiring them with the true spirit of concord and peace, can at all smooth the way for such a reform, as we have often recommended, in our religious system, it will merit the gratitude of every man of good sense, rational piety, and unfeigned benevolence, not only in this country, but in all parts of the world.

ART. VII.—*Temper; or, Domestic Scenes, a Tale.* By Mrs. Opie, 3 Vols. London, Longman, 1812.

THIS tale of Mrs. Opie's commences with an important lesson to parents. We would request those mothers who read novels for their amusement, when their children are asleep, to take instruction from the first page of the first volume, and to reflect on the baneful consequence of suffering a child to *get the better*. We could almost fancy, that we hear a fond mother exclaim at this, our request, 'Ah, it is fine talking; it is very easy to write on such subjects;' but that is a good proverb which says, 'Maids, children and bachelors' wives are well taught.' And so it is a good proverb; but like many good proverbs, and many good things, it is miserably perverted. Many an anxiously fond mother takes this proverb in a wrong sense, and fancies, that those persons who are not parents themselves talk upon education and the bringing up of children, as subjects which it is impossible for them to understand, whereas, from being divested of those blindly fond feelings

of a parent, they see the little faults which children exhibit in a more clear light than the parents themselves. But we would have that mother beware who, from a mistaken fondness, an indolence of disposition in herself, an impatience of temper, or any other cause, we would have her beware how she overlooks the first impulses of temper in her children. For let it be remembered, that *temper proves either the bane or the blessing of life*.

Every observing person will agree, that *temper* in children displays itself at a very early age. On its first appearance, it may be effectually checked, and brought under proper controul by judicious management. But if the little ebullitions of temper are suffered to have a temporary reign, the task of correction becomes terrific. We often hear—'Oh, poor little loves; they know no better; they are but babies;' and parents are too apt, when a child is tiresome and shows a violent temper, to give up the point in contention *merely for peace-sake*; but this is but a sorry and a selfish feeling on the part of the parent. To be sure, order is restored for the time; but the next offence of the child, which follows quick upon the heels of the former, is committed with a more daring countenance, and with a mind more assured of gaining its point. With all the delightful artlessness of infancy, children frequently evince a degree of cunning which is thought to belong only to more advanced life. It is surprising how soon they know, that a smile, an arch look, a rosy lip put up to be kissed, or a pertinent answer, will call forth a blessing on the little darling, that has just offended. It is indeed wonderful how soon the little creatures know their power over the affections, how warily they feel their way, and how daringly they proceed, after gaining a point.

If obedience be not firmly inculcated, self-controul earnestly impressed, and government of the temper strictly enforced, parents may bid a long farewell to all the dreams of bliss they had fondly cherished for their old age.

In the female character obedience and good temper are great essentials; for let a woman's rank in life be ever so exalted, let her possess all the beauty of her sex, let her have the capacity of calling forth for the hour all the fascinations it is possible for the mind to imagine, if she have not good temper by her own fire-side, and a proper sense of obedience, as a wife she is nothing; and as a daughter it is a thousand to one but she brings her parents 'grey hairs with sorrow to the grave.'

In the sad story of Agatha Torrington, which Mrs. Opie

has sketched in these volumes, the government of the temper is in many parts very powerfully displayed. 'Shut the door, Agatha,' said Mr. Torrington, to a beautiful girl of four years old; 'the wind from the passage is intolerable.' But Agatha stirred not.—'Did not you hear what I said?' resumed her father; 'shut the door, for I am cold.' Still, however, the child heeds not what is said, and continues to amuse herself. During a sensible conversation between the father and mother, in which the former endeavours to persuade the latter how very wrong this false tenderness of *overlooking* will be in the end, the child seizes a pair of sharp-pointed scissars, and runs away with them to the end of the room.

'Agatha, bring back the scissars this moment,' cried Mr. Torrington; but Agatha kept them still.

'Give them to me this instant,' he repeated, rising from his chair, and approaching to take them by force; when Agatha, unaccustomed to obey, as she was when not in her father's presence always used to command, instantly threw the scissars on the ground with violence.

'Take them up, and give them to me.' But Agatha only turned her back, and putting her hand under her chin threw out her raised elbow at her father with the gesture of sulky defiance. * * * * 'Agatha,' said he, firmly but mildly, 'obey me, and give me the scissars, you shall go to bed this moment, and without your supper.' But as the child continued obstinate and disobedient; in spite of her cries, blows, and kicks, Mr. Torrington took her up in his arms, and carried her into the nursery.

Under the controul of Mr. Torrington, Agatha's temper improves, but a short time afterwards this sensible parent is snatched away by death. The affliction which this event brings upon Mrs. Torrington, so far weakens her mind as to induce her to relax the wise system her husband had begun. The fatal consequence is that when Agatha approached the period of womanhood, she became an object of fear to her mother; 'and the tyrant of her mother's household, the torment and detestation of all the relations and friends who visited at the house.' This turbulent, fiery-spirited young lady (who is of course very beautiful) falls in love at a ball with the handsome Mr. Danvers; and as her mother disapproves (from very good reasons) the match, Miss Agatha chooses, in contradiction to her mother's will, to *go off* with him and marry him. The unsubdued and unhappy temper of Agatha is not qualified to make a husband happy. Danvers is so disgusted by it, that after the birth of a daughter, he aban-

cons her, telling her at the same time that when he married her, he had a wife living in India. In the few scenes which follow between this unhappy couple, Mrs. Opie has evinced her capacity of acting upon the feelings, as will appear by the following extract :

“ While Agatha, buried in thought, was leaning on her hands, and endeavouring to decide on some immediate plan of action, Danvers entered the room, leading in his little boy, and followed by the woman of colour.

“ At sight of the author of her misery, Agatha started, trembled, and rose from her seat, with a look so terrible and so wild, that the frightened Indian gazed on her with mingled awe and terror. * * * * “ Who are these ? ” she demanded in a tone of desperation. “ This,” said Danvers, “ is the faithful servant of my late wife, who attended her in her last moments ; and I have brought her hither, lest you should be inclined to disbelieve my assurance that you never were my lawful wife, in order to tell you the very day and hour on which she died, namely, two months after my marriage with you.” “ It was wholly unnecessary, Sir,” said Agatha, turning still paler than before ; “ for I believed your own statement implicitly. But surely, Sir, you are liable to a prosecution for bigamy ? ” added Agatha. “ Undoubtedly I am,” replied Danvers ; “ but even if you had it in your power to adduce evidence of my two marriages, which you have not, nor ever can have,—still, I know your pride and delicacy to be too great to allow you to proceed against me, especially as by so doing, you would neither establish your own marriage, nor legitimate your child.” “ True—most true,” said Agatha, shuddering. “ But what child is this ? ” said she, drawing near the little boy, who hid his face in his nurse’s gown, as if alarmed at the approach of a stranger. “ It is my son,” replied Danvers. “ Aye,” returned Agatha, “ your legitimate son. But what then is *this* innocent babe ? snatching to her heart the child sleeping on a sofa beside her. Danvers, spite of his dauntless calmness of feeling, turned away in confusion. “ Poor boy ! ” continued Agatha, “ why shouldst thou hide thy face, as if in shame ? for thou art not the child of shame ! Nor art thou either, poor unconscious victim ! Let me do myself justice,” she exclaimed, pressing her child closely to her bosom : “ it is for thy father thou wilt have to blush, not for thy mother ! ” Then with an air of proud insulted dignity, she bade Danvers and the woman of colour to be gone immediately : and as if awed by her manner, and conscious of her superiority, they instantly and rapidly obeyed.

We do not enter fully into the particulars of the story ; but give the above as a specimen of the work. The daughter of Agatha, who is named Emma, evinces the same untractable violence of temper as her mother had

done in her infancy ; but on the death of Agatha, the education of her daughter is undertaken by a worthy clergyman, of the name of Egerton, under the aid of whose judicious tuition, she turns out a different character from her unfortunate mother. In the description of the process of instruction pursued with Emma, by Mr. Egerton, the principal merit of the work consists.

Mrs. Opie, as a novel writer, has met with her full meed of praise, nor do we withhold it from this tale of Temper. But we do not think the present performance at all equal to Adeline Mowbray, or the tale of the Father and Daughter. The few characters, which are introduced, independently of those connected with the story, are very poor, quite beneath the genius of Mrs. Opie. Mrs. Felton, the conquest-making widow, Mrs. St. Aubyn, silly and extravagant—and the vulgar Mr. Popkinson, are mere *ephemerals*. The latter, we must own, made us smile ; for in his conversation with Emma at the ball, we renewed our acquaintance with certain venerable personages not an hundred miles from the famed city of Norwich, a place of some note for good dinners and scarlet-dyers. We have in our young days heard of such a character as *Old Sal*, which answers to Mrs. Opie's delineation of *Old Peg*. And perhaps our good friend, Mrs. O. may have heard tell of such a being as *Old Bob*—as *good-natured*, as *inoffensive*, and as *excellent a man* as Emma's *Old Henry*. What, has Mrs. Opie lived in the world so long, and seen such varieties of character, and can she give us nothing better than an *Old Bob*, and an *Old Sal*, of Norwich ? Surely this is not *The Opie*, to use an Opera phrase.

We cannot very much commend the plot which Mrs. Opie has adopted in these volumes. It comes too near that in the novel of *Evelina*. In fact the denial of Danvers's marriage with Agatha Torrington is similar ; and the conduct of Sir John Belmont is not unlike Danvers's. But the discovery of the legality of Agatha's marriage is not so well managed ; nor is the *tout en semble* of the piece so skilfully arranged. The forbidding of the marriage with Emma and Balfour, who proves to be her brother, just in the nick of time, is but poorly contrived ; and, as we said before, very much beneath the genius of Mrs. Opie. What interests most in this novel is the unhappy story of Agatha, and the correction of her daughter's temper ; and in this consists the chief merit of the performance.

It is well known to every reflecting mind, that the most serious ills arise from an immoderate indulgence in early life; and that every good may be expected from proper attention to the correction of a child's temper and disposition. The unsubdued spirit of Emma showed itself on the following occasion. A dispute having arisen between her grandmother and a gentleman by the name of Hargrave, a near neighbour, who had a nephew almost brought up with Emma, it was desired by Mr. Hargrave that the young Emma and Henry should not meet. However, the young folks, like all other young folks, who really love, do find an opportunity of meeting, though without the wish, or the thought of doing wrong. But when Emma is told it is wrong, what is her answer?

'I see no harm in what we have done,' replied Emma; 'and as an uncle is not one's father, nor a grandmother one's own mother, and therefore their right to command may very well be disputed, I should not at all scruple to meet Henry St. Aubyn again, and walk with him in spite of your prohibition and Mr. Hargrave's.'

Mr. Egerton enters the room and hears this undutiful speech of his pupil's; and Mrs. Castlemain, Emma's grandmother, thus addresses him:

'I am glad you are here, Sir, that you may also hear what I am going to say; namely, that if in defiance of my express commands, and all the laws of propriety, Miss Castlemain persists in meeting Mr. St. Aubyn, I shall——"Renounce me for ever! I suppose," cried Emma, rising, and pale with anger; "for I know you are not very forgiving in your nature. My poor injured discarded mother knew that to her cost!"'

This is no very amiable specimen of the heroine of the tale; but it is a useful lesson to know, that such a temper as Emma here displays, is corrected and improved by proper discipline; and that she becomes an amiable, sensible, and worthy member of society. Her mother's marriage is proved; and her father, whom she discovers by chance, dies penitent for the injury which he had committed against Agatha. Emma marries the man whom she loves; and all ends as it should, according to those laws, to which most novelists render an unqualified obedience.

ART. VIII.—*History of Charles the Great and Orlando, ascribed to Archbishop Turpin; Translated from the Latin in Spanheim's Lives of Ecclesiastical Writers, together with the most celebrated ancient Spanish Ballads relating to the Twelve Peers of France, mentioned in Don Quixote: with English Metrical Versions. By Thomas Rodd, 2 Vols. 8vo. Rodd, 1812. £1. 1s. Boards.*

WE are indebted for this work to the industry of a literary bookseller, (a character seldom met with in the present age) who is already well known to the public for his intimate acquaintance with the Spanish language. The title which he has given to his book may mislead others to his prejudice; and for this reason we think proper to observe, *in limine*, that the ballads which he has stated as an appendage, constitute in fact the body of the publication, while the translation of Turpin's lying Chronicle, which is placed so conspicuously in front of the battle, forms nothing more than an introduction, judicious enough perhaps, to the principal matter. Now, as the ballads, besides that they occupy at least a dozen times the space possessed by the Chronicle, are likely to be much more attractive to the generality of readers, we rather wonder that Mr. Rodd, with the knowledge which at least a bookseller ought to possess of the taste of the public, should have hung out on his sign-board as the most prominent of his entertainments precisely that which would arrest the attention of the fewest passengers.

Turpin's history is in the mouths of all persons who are in the least degree conversant with the multifarious productions of Italian Romance, founded, or professed to be founded, on the model of it. Yet it possesses so little that deserves the attention of the learned on other accounts, that, except by name, it is scarcely known to any; and its very existence may perhaps have been as much a matter of question to some, as that of its fabulous author. Some centuries ago, before it was finally decided that even the authority of a papal bull, could not make one to have been who never was, yet it certainly does exist, in various forms, and not of unfrequent occurrence. Mr. Ellis fixes the date of its composition at some period previous to the year 1122; and it was first printed in the collection of historians entitled '*Germanicarum Rerum Quatuor Chronographi.*' Frankfort, 1566, folio. The '*Chronique de*

Turpin, Archevesque et Duc de Rheims, et premier Pair de France, published at Lyons in 1583, is only a pretended translation, and is supposed by Mr. Ellis to be rather a version in prose of an old metrical romance, by Huon de Villeneuve, on the acts of Renaud de Montauban. The real translation by Gaquin is dedicated to Francis the First, and was printed at Paris in 1527. We need only remind our readers of the ingenious conjectures of Mr. Legden, adopted and supported by Mr. Ellis, and here repeated, that the real foundation for the exploits fabulously attributed to Charlemagne and his twelve peers, is to be found in the history of an Armorican chieftain, Charles Martel.

Nobody who has read the three last cantos of the *Morganti Maggiore* can think of the battle of Roncesvalles, as classical and sanctified ground. In many particulars, the romantic description of Pulci differs essentially from the *authentic* detail of the venerable archbishop. But the death of Orlando, which is the most important circumstance attached to it, is copied pretty closely by the Florentine poet from the dignified chronicler. To satisfy such of our readers as may have curiosity enough to desire to know something of Turpin, without the trouble of turning over the dusty and worm-eaten pages of Spanheim or the *Quatuor Chronographi*, we shall select some passages out of this portion of Mr. Rodd's version. There is some little contradiction in the two first sentences.

'By this time *every one* of the christians was slain, and Orlando himself sorely wounded in five places by lances; and grievously battered likewise with stones.' '*Theodoric and Baldwin, and some few other christians, made their way through the pass, towards which Orlando, wandering, came likewise to the foot of it, and, alighting from his steed, stretched himself on the ground, beneath a tree, near a block of marble, that stood erect in the meadows of Ronceval. Here, drawing his sword, Durenda, which signifies a hard blow, a sword of exquisite workmanship, fine temper, and resplendent brightness, which he would sooner have lost his arm than parted with, as he held it in his hand, regarding it earnestly, he addressed it in these words: "O sword of unparalleled brightness, excellent dimensions, admirable temper, and hilt of the whitest ivory, decorated with a splendid cross of gold, topped by a beryl apple, engraved with the sacred name of God, endued with keenness and every other virtue, who now shall wield thee in battle? who shall call thee master? He that possessed thee was never conquered, never daunted at the foe; phantoms never appalled him. Aided by omnipotence, with thee did he destroy*

the Saracen, exalt the faith of Christ, and acquire consummate glory. Oft hast thou vindicated the blood of Jesus, against Pagans, Jews, and heretics; oft hewed off the hand and foot of the robber, fulfilling divine justice. O happy sword, keenest of the keen, never was one like thee! He that made thee, made not thy fellow! Not one escaped with life from thy stroke! If the slothful, timid soldier should now possess thee, or the base Saracen, my grief would be unspeakable! Thus, then, do I prevent thy falling into their hands. "He then struck the block of marble thrice, which cleft it in the midst, and broke the sword in twain." "He now blew a loud blast with his horn, to summon any Christian concealed in the adjacent woods to his assistance, or to recal his friends beyond the pass. This horn was endued with such power, that all other horns were split by its sound; and it is said that Orlando at that time blew it with such vehemence, that he burst the veins and nerves of his neck. The sound reached the king's ears, who lay encamped in the valley still called by his name, about eight miles from Ronceval, towards Gascony, being carried so far by supernatural power. Charles would have flown to his succour, but was prevented by Ganalón, who, conscious of Orlando's sufferings, insinuated that it was usual with him to sound his horn on light occasions. "He is, perhaps," said he, "pursuing some wild beast, and the sound echoes through the woods; it will be fruitless, therefore to seek him." O wicked traitor, deceitful as Judas! what dost thou merit!

'Orlando now grew very thirsty, and cried for water to Baldwin, who just then approached him; but unable to find any, and seeing him so near his end, he blessed him, and, again mounting his steed, galloped off for assistance to the army. Immediately after Theodoric came up, and, bitterly grieving to see him in this condition, bade him strengthen his soul by confessing his faith. Orlando had that morning received the blessed Eucharist, and confessed his sins before he went to battle, this being the custom with all warriors at that time, for which purpose many bishops and monks attended the army to give them absolution. The martyr of Christ then cast up his eyes to heaven, and cried.—

But for what he said on this solemn occasion it is necessary that we should refer our readers to Mr. Rodd, or the good archbishop himself. Suffice it that, after confession and prayer, 'his soul winged its flight from his body, and was borne by angels to Paradise, where he reigns in transcendent glory, united by his meritorious deeds to the blessed choir of martyrs.' We must however quote, as an admirable specimen of what may be called the lie archiepiscopal, the following rather singular circumstance. It is surely told with a gravity of impudence

highly diverting, and for which it is difficult to find a parallel, except perhaps in Foote's Young Wilding.

'What more shall we say? whilst the soul of the blessed Orlando was leaving his body, I, Turpin, standing near the king in the valley of Charles, at the moment I was celebrating the mass of the dead, namely, on the 16th day of June, fell into a trance, and, hearing the angelic choir sing aloud, I wondered what it might be. Now, when they had ascended on high, behold there came after them a phalanx of terrible ones, like warriors returning from the spoil, bearing their prey. Presently I enquired of one of them what it meant, and was answered, "We are bearing the soul of Marsir," (the Marsiglio of Italian romance) "to hell, but yonder is Michael bearing the hornwinder to heaven." When mass was over, I told the king what I had seen; and whilst I was yet speaking, behold Baldwin rode up on Orlando's horse, and related what had befallen him.'

The truly romantic miracle of Orlando's body rising from the earth at the invocation of Charles, and rendering back to him the sword with which he had been formerly knighted at Aspramvunt, and also that by which the Christian were distinguished from the Moorish dead, the former being all found turning their faces towards heaven, while the latter were all lying on their bellies, are of Pulci's own invention, unless he borrowed them from any of the old metrical romances, which is not improbable; they are not to be met with in this *true* history; any more than the beautiful circumstances of the hero's address to his dying horse, and the descent from heaven of the archangel Gabriel amidst the harmony of the spheres.

The volume to which Mr. Rodd is indebted for the poetical, or rather the rhythmical, part of this publication, is entitled, '*Floresta de varios Romances sacados de las Historias Antiquas de los Doce Pares de Francia. Por Damian Lopez de Tortajada.*' This collection, especially the earlier editions of it, Mr. Rodd represents as being of rare occurrence, even in Spain. The many ballads which relate to Bernardo del Carpio, belong to a different class, and are drawn from other sources. The '*Cronica de Valencia*,' of Antonio Beuter, follows, as to the general outline, the history of Turpin, with which the romantic legends of the Spanish champion are altogether at variance.

Mr. Southey, whose authority on all subjects connected with Spanish and Portuguese Literature, is justly relied upon as supreme, if not infallible, has, we think, (but we have not the book immediately to refer to) in his Chronicle of the Cid, pronounced rather a contemptuous judgment

of the merits of the Spanish 'Romances,' which he estimates very far below the ballads of our British ancestors. The contents of these volumes must certainly confirm (if it needed confirmation) the correctness of this censure. They are such as to make us wonder less than before that so little attention has hitherto been paid to them. There is a want of incident and variety in almost all of them, which is rather surprising, when we consider the climate in which they were produced, so generally reputed as favourable to the powers of imagination. Still they are not wholly destitute of merit; and undoubtedly the world is obliged to Mr. Rodd for supplying a deficiency in our store of romantic literature. Whatever tends to throw light on the literary history and character of nations, is so far valuable, however void of individual interest it may be. And, even considered in no other light than as illustrative of the inimitable satire of Cervantes, there must be many who will rejoice in the opportunity of learning more than they have hitherto known respecting the nature of those productions which contributed so largely to turn the brains of the knight of La Mancha.

An English version of these rude and unornamental tales certainly required the intervention of no great poetical genius; and not only would a writer so gifted have grossly misapplied his talents by undertaking the task, but the task itself might in all probability have been neither faithfully nor consistently accomplished by such a writer. Mr. Rodd, without the smallest pretensions to poetry, has given us perhaps a better resemblance of the original than Mr. Southey (notwithstanding his early propensity to the *ballad-style*), could have done. But as there is no good thing in the world of which there may not be an excess, so Mr. Rodd's unpoetical qualities carry him frequently to the almost impossible extent of making the poor Spaniards themselves appear more prosaic and stupid than they really are. We must present our readers with some of these *superlatively unpoetical* passages, in which (by a cursory comparison with the original) it will be evident that the translator has abilities in this way far exceeding those of any writer since the days of the author of 'The noble Roman Historie of Titus Andronicus.'

'Yà se ponen los arneses

Yel Rey los ayuda à armer;

'First their fiery steeds they
harness,

There to arm the gallant
knights;

Gargaray himself assisting,
In the office much delights.'
Vol. I. p. 57.

The *delight* which Mr. Rodd ascribes to King Gargaray is entirely his own. So also is part of the same unfortunate monarch's speech.

'Sabed que Don Galalan

Una carta fue à embiar,
En que dan decir por ella

Que venioses à matar
Al noble Rey Argolandro
Y èl nos hiciera llamar.'

'Know 'twas Galalan that
falsely
Sent the valiant king advice,
Hither that you came to slay
him,
Thence avow your sudden call.
But his honour lets no mischief
On your heads indignant fall.'
P. 55.

Mr. Rodd should have told us whether the noble peers, who had this 'sudden call,' were of Whitfield's or Westley's persuasion. Lord Sidmouth, we have no doubt, must wish that they were alive and well at this moment, and in the British House of Lords. But what has King Argolander done to be degraded from 'his majesty,' to 'his honour.'

'Y de esta manera entraron
Con gran fierta la Ciudad.'

'Thus with pomp the city enter-
ing,
*All the bells of Paris ring ;
Joy prevails in every quarter,
Commons, Clergy, Court, and
King.'*
P. 105.

Here is a notable instance of the figure amplification ! very near at hand occurs an equally gratuitous example of the bathos, or art of sinking.

'Y desde que de algunos tiempos,

Quando mas entrò en edad,
Lo mandò ser camerero,

Y secretario Real.
Y despues le diò un Condado,
Por mayor honra le dàr ;
Y por darle mayor honra,

Y estado en Francia sin par,

Lo hizo Governador,
Que el Regno pueda mandar.'

'Then his chamberlain, and
likewise
Royal secretary named ;
Next a count's high title given
him,
Still for every virtue famed :
And, to do him greater honor,
And exalt his happy fate,
REGENT OF THE LAND ap-
pointed ;
And—(what besides, think you ?
why.)
—*high Counsellor of State.'*
P. 109.

The cavalier thus highly (though whimsically) distinguished by his sovereign's favour, was the illustrious Conde Grimaltos, father of the yet more celebrated Montesinos, in whose favour we are subsequently informed, that a decree issued after his father's death, appointing him

'Both governor and regent,'

for which duplication of honours he is entirely obliged to Mr. Rodd, nothing being assigned him by the Spanish bard except the 'Governo general' of the kingdom. The same generous spirit of amplification appears in almost every page of both these volumes. Where the original says only,

'Tan triste vida hacia
Que no se puede contar,'

Mr. Rodd informs us that,

—— 'a cheerless life he passes,
Full of sorrows, full of cares.'—P. 189.

So 'mucha honra' is rendered 'honour, fame, and glory.' Here is another gratuitous stanza, particularly appropriate in the mouth of an accomplished cavalier.

'What,' cry'd I, 'can make you treat me
In this base injurious way?

Can you think that manly courage
Such insulting words display?'—Vol. 2. p. 15.

Where the Spanish romancer says only, in his humble phrase, that 'all men remained well contented and very peaceable in their estates,' Mr. Rodd, in more flowery language, has it,

'Thus sweet peace, on all sides reigning,
Gilds the hours from morn to night.'—P. 31.

In another passage, the words of the Spanish romance seem to have reminded him so closely of a celebrated English poem, as to have made him guilty of a perhaps involuntary plagiarism. Our readers will perceive that we allude to that exquisite little morceau of our national muse, beginning 'The queen of hearts,' &c.

'When renown'd Gayferos heard him,
Deeply grieved the speech he bore,
And, uprising from the tables,

Vow'd this he would play no more.'—P. 187.

This 'Vow' of Don Gayferos, accompanied as it was with all the suitable appendage of action, was rather indecent, considering that, at the time,

'With a noble he was playing,
With the admiral of the fleet.'

We can see no occasion, after this, for the display of

delicacy which we discover in the next page, where, instead of

‘Comiendo la carne cruda,
Bebiendo la roxa sangre,’

(eating crude flesh. and drinking red blood), Mr. Rodd paints this same table-playing hero as

‘Wand’ring wretched, eating only
Herbs; my drink the crystal flood.’

We have on former occasions complained of the inelegant licence assumed by many of our modern poets of greater celebrity than Mr. Rodd, of grammatical inversion. But we have rarely witnessed an instance of this licence so very licentious, as some which met our eyes as we turned over these volumes.

‘Horse and armour Montesinos
Mine in some gay tilt employs.’

It requires even more than sixth-form dexterity to discern at first sight that the pronoun mine in the second line is here meant to agree with the horse and armour in the first.

It is not worth while to pursue this examination further. We were indeed unwilling to expose to ridicule any thing so unassuming as the poetry of this gentleman; but it appeared right at least to shew, by a few extracts, that even the want of poetical taste is not quite a sufficient qualification for a translator of ancient ballads; and that it is possible to wander as widely from the original without the excuse of genius as with it.

But at the same time that we censure Mr. Rodd for his bad poetry, which we could have forgiven had it not been accompanied by an infidelity equally glaring, we must, in justice to him, repeat our former declaration, that we are obliged to him for the present he has made us with all its defects. His volumes, if they afford little amusement on their own account, will be very acceptable by way of illustration and reference to the readers of *Don Quixote*, a text so precious, and often so obscure, that it is impossible not to rejoice in any accession of commentary that contributes to the perfect knowledge and understanding of its contents.

We cannot inflict so much dullness on our friends as to give them an abstract of the various romances which these volumes contain; and the romances themselves are (with the exception of one or two of the most indifferent) too long for insertion within any moderate limits. The style

of Mr. Rodd's composition, though not always quite so bad as that of the extracts we have made, never rises so far above it but that our readers may know tolerably well what they have to expect from the samples which we have set before them.

ART. IX.—*Sketch of the present State of Caracas: including a Journey from Caracas through La Victoria and Valencia to Puerto Cabello. By Robert Semple, Author of Two Journeys in Spain, &c. &c. London, Baldwin, 1812, 8vo. 6s.*

THE first sentence in Mr. Semple's present performance is one which we do not admire for its abruptness, and to which we cannot assent for its truth. 'How melancholy,' he exclaims, 'is the life of a sailor!' Melancholy, indeed? so far from it, that there is hardly any life of more unceasing vivacity, or more constant merriment. The mirth of a sailor has few intervals of total extinction. His sensations indeed are not always tranquilly smooth; a pleasureable serenity is not their uniform characteristic. They have their spring tides of overflowing joy or noisy jollity. In the tempestuous sallies of intoxication they often break down all the barriers of decorum; but seldom or never settle into the stagnant pool of moping grief or inert melancholy. Even danger of the most terrific kind is not always sufficient to dispel their hilarity, or to render them fixedly sad or overcast, like the sky above or the sea beneath. If the life of a sailor be not merry, where is merriment to be found? The life of a soldier is full of tediousness and *ennui*; but that of a sailor, we mean a British sailor, exhibits a more steady and perennial flow of spirits than any other situation. But Mr. Semple allows that 'to some pleasant is the life of a sailor.'

We pass over Mr. Semple's account of his voyage from Gravesend to Curacoa. When Mr. Semple arrived at this island, he found the regular defence of it entrusted almost entirely to a regiment of Blacks. These Blacks exhibited a singular appearance in the English military uniform. Mr. Semple commends the conduct and discipline of these black troops, and says that it was favourably contrasted with that of their white predecessors in the defence of the island.

'Robberies, quarrels, and drunkenness, were far less fre-

quent than before, and the inhabitants, instead of apprehension and mistrust, were becoming inclined to regard them as the most peaceable regiment they had yet seen.'

Mr. Semple resided about a fortnight at Curacao, when he embarked for La Guayra in Spanish America. 'The population of La Guayra is reckoned about eight thousand,' a great majority of which consists of people of colour. The harbour is but slightly protected from the storms; and the worm is said to be very active in destroying the bottoms of such vessels as have not a covering of copper. Mr. Semple arrived at this place in the beginning of November, and found the country healthy during the period of his residence. But, in the summer months, the fever makes depredations on those who are not inured to the climate.

From La Guayra Mr. Semple proceeded to Caracas on foot. This was a very extraordinary mode of travelling for an European of any respectability. Our traveller passed through Macuta, 'a neat and pleasant village' upon the coast. After leaving Macuta, the road, which turns to the left, began to ascend. In some places it is so contracted, that two loaded mules cannot pass each other.

'At the height of about a thousand feet, we begin to breathe already a lighter and cooler air; and, turning back, enjoy the view of Macuta and the coast beneath our feet. We see the white breakers along the shore, and hear their noise, which now sounds like a hollow murmur among the woods which begin to crown the steeps. Opposite to us is a high and steep hill, covered with vegetation, and all the deep hollow between is dark with trees. Here and there spots are cleared away, plantations are formed, and the experienced eye can distinguish the various hues of the fields of coffee, sugar, or maize. We pass also from time to time two or three miserable huts, where the muleteers are accustomed to stop and refresh themselves. In this manner we continue to ascend, the mountains still rising steep before us, till we arrive at a draw-bridge over a deep cut made across the narrow ridge upon which we have been advancing. On each side are deep valleys, clothed with tall trees and thick underwood, through which there is no path. This point is defended by two or three guns and a few soldiers, and forms the first military obstacle to the march of an enemy. In its present state it is by no means formidable, but a very little care might render it so. Having passed this, the steepness increases, so that the mules, and even the foot traveller, can only proceed by crossing obliquely from side to side; and even that is attended with difficulty after rain or heavy dews, on account of the smooth round stones with which the road is paved. But

the great and enlivening change experienced in the state of the atmosphere removes all difficulties. Never within the tropics had I before breathed so pure and so cool an air. Instead of the stifling heat of the coast, where the slightest exertion was attended with profuse perspiration, I walked fast for joy, and thought myself in England.'

Mr. Semple passed the night at La Venta, or the inn, about half way between Caracas and the Port. Our author resumed his journey before the dawn, on a fine moonlight morning; and, having passed the highest point of the road, he began, after proceeding along an uneven ridge for two or three miles, to descend into the valley of Caracas. This valley, which is surrounded by lofty mountains, is upwards of twenty miles in length; and varying in breadth from six to seven miles. Mr. Semple found most of the streets in the town of Caracas neat and regular, well paved, and 'superior to any thing' he 'had yet seen in the West Indies.' The capital of Caracas is, 'situated in long. 66° 46' west, and lat. 10° 30' north, at an elevation of nearly 2000 feet above the level of the sea.' 'The streets are, in general, about a hundred yards apart,' and intersect each other at right angles.

'The population of Caracas is upwards of forty thousand, of which about one-third are whites. Among the remainder are a very few Indians; but the mixture of Indian blood is general. Almost all the handicrafts are carried on by freed-men of colour, who are in general ingenious, but indolent and indifferent to the highest degree. They promise, without the smallest intention of performing, and appear perfectly unmoved when reproached with their falsehood. But indifference on this score is not peculiar to this class alone.

'The college is the only public institution for education; and hither all the youth of Caracas of the better classes are sent for that purpose. The routine of education is such, as it may be supposed to have been in Spain two hundred years ago: a few common Latin authors, catechisms, and the Lives of Saints, being the chief studies. A free mode of thinking is, however, rapidly spreading among the young men, and may hereafter produce the most important effects.'

The women of Caracas are said to retain more of the old Spanish character than the men. Their principal morning occupation

'seems to be going to mass, dressed in black, with their mantillas over their heads, their feet particularly ornamented with silk stockings, and flirting their fans which they keep constantly in motion. On this occasion, a female slave, frequently more beautiful than her mistress, follows her, carrying a small

carpet on which she may kneel at her devotions. This carpet is a great mark of distinction, and is only allowed in the churches to white women; on which account, perhaps, they are particularly proud of having it thus borne in procession, at a slow pace, through the streets. It is in contemplation, however, to abolish the restriction; and, as a beginning, during my stay, special leave was granted by a public ordinance, to the women of a coloured family in a distant town to make use of these carpets. This innovation, slight as it may appear, excited great dissatisfaction among the higher classes of Caracas, and a proportionate eagerness and hope of change among the coloured families.'

Caracas has a theatre, in which the performers are taken from persons in the lowest ranks, who tread the stage after the labours of the day. The inhabitants have attained a considerable proficiency in music, and this is aided by the genius of the Roman Catholic worship, which strengthens the impression of its devout rites by the charms of harmony. Indeed, in Roman Catholic countries, the ceremonies of the religion constitute one of the principal amusements of the people.

From Caracas our author proceeded to Puerto Cabello through the most interesting parts of the province of Venezuela. He stopped for rest and refreshment at the *Pulperias* by the way. A *Pulperia* is, according to Mr. Semple, an establishment which partakes of the nature of a shop, a farm, and an inn, adapted to the state of society in the province. At one of these *Pulperias* he met a planter, who had come to this place of resort, in order to stimulate his nerves by gambling, whilst his wife and sister sought their gratification in regular attendance on the pious rites of the church. Mr. Semple had a view of the estate of this gentleman, the situation of which was sufficiently beautiful to have inspired complacency and content, if the beauties of nature alone could prevent internal disquietude and weariness.

'The house commanded a view over all the valley, where there was not another human habitation to be seen; the land, with little cultivation, yielded every vegetable necessary for subsistence; and the neighbouring woods abounded with deer, which occasionally, as we rode along, burst through the thicket. Here, it might be thought, an independent man, married to a young and beautiful woman, the peaceful monarch of all around him, might pass a life worthy of envy.'

In his way from Caracas to Puerto Cabello, our author passed through La Victoria and Valencia. La Victoria is a scattered town interspersed with gardens and trees.

Here Mr. Semple enjoyed the interesting sight of the wheat and the sugar cane growing together. The wheat, he says, appeared as fine as any he had ever seen in England. After leaving La Victoria, our traveller prosecuted his journey over a small ridge, whence he had a view of the lake of Valencia, and of the spacious plain in which it is situated. The flourishing town of Maracai, through which the road passes, is built near the eastern end of the lake.

'Charming plantations extend from it in all directions, and there is a general air of prosperity, and still more of activity, which I was puzzled to account for, until I learned that work was here chiefly performed by free labourers, and the use of slaves for the great purposes of society, comparatively speaking, but little known.'

Mr. Semple remarks that he descried a small solitary sail on the Lake of Valencia, which appears to have been the first which was ever used on that water. This is the more surprising, as the Lake of Valencia is separated from the sea only by a single range of hills.

'We observed,' says Mr. Semple, 'black moving spots upon the lake, which, we were afterwards informed, were the heads of *baras*, a species of crocodile, three or four feet in length, which are here very numerous, but harmless. In the interior of the country they are found in very small lakes and ponds, where they are frequently seen sleeping with their heads above the surface.'

Valencia is situated about three miles to the westward of the lake to which it gives its name. Some of the streets are said to 'be tolerably well built, but the houses are in general low and irregular.' Valencia is separated from Puerto Cabello by the lofty chain of mountains which stretches from the Gulph of Paria to the westward of Carthagena. The summit of this ridge between Valencia and Puerto Cabello is crowned by deep and gloomy woods. Puerto Cabello stands on a flat close to the sea, 'amidst marshes, full of mangrove trees, and overflowed with the tide.' The houses are low, and have a mean appearance. The harbour is deep, capacious, and secure. The island, by which it is sheltered to the north-west, is strongly fortified. Puerto Cabello is apt to be visited by destructive fevers in the summer and the autumn. The inhabitants are composed chiefly of people of colour. From Puerto Cabello, our traveller returned to Caracas.

In his general view of the state of Caracas, &c. Mr. Semple says, that the use of the plough is unknown, that all work is done by the spade and the hoe, and chiefly by

slaves, but that the class of free labourers is rapidly increasing. Maize and plantains constitute the main articles of diet, to which are added, beef and garlic. Mutton is unknown, and it is not a little extraordinary, that, according to the statement of Mr. Semple, 'the sheep has not yet been introduced upon these mountains, where it could not fail to multiply rapidly. The flesh of goats is used instead.'

The climate tends to promote habits of indolence and sensuality. 'The highest delight both to women and men, is to swing about in their hammocks and smoke cegars. Gambling to excess and tormenting of bulls, are their principal amusements.'

The Congress of Venezuela declared their country totally independent of the parent state in July, 1811. The revolutionary movements in Spanish America have been accompanied with many flagrant outrages on justice and humanity. The people, in general, though they have caught the magic sound of liberty, seem to be much less fitted for the enjoyment than the inhabitants of North America before they threw off the British yoke. They are more debased by ignorance and by superstition. Though, therefore, it is probable, that the banners of independence will be unfurled over the whole extent of Spanish America, yet we must not expect to find it, in general, a bloodless revolution. Much carnage will be made, and many enormities be perpetrated; and a state of great barbarity and suffering is likely to intervene before the several provinces of Spanish America can establish their independence, or acquire any thing like the consistency of a free government under the supremacy of the law, without which, every government is only a tyranny, whatever may be its forms or its name.

Though the present work of Mr. Semple is, as the title professes, but a sketch, and that a very imperfect one, yet the present situation of the part of the world to which it relates, will probably give it a degree of interest which it would not otherwise possess.

ART. X.—*A Letter to J. P. Kemble, Esq. involving Strictures on a recent Edition of John Ford's Dramatic Works.* Cambridge, Hodson, 8vo. pp. 29, 1811.

ART. XI.—*A Letter to Richard Heber, Esq. containing some Observations on the Merits of Mr. Weber's late Edition of Ford's Dramatic Works.* London, White and Co. 8vo. pp. 30, 1812.

TWO more letters already grown out of Mr. Weber's temerity in re-printing the plays of John Ford! And both agreeing with Mr. Gilchrist as to the editor's incompetence! There seems to be but one opinion upon the subject; and Mr. Weber had better cry *peccavi*, and forego his intention of encumbering Beaumont and Fletcher with his help. Is there nobody who will defend him? Who betrayed him into the toil? What does Mr. Walter Scott say?

Both the letters before us, are anonymous, and we cannot furnish the reader with the least clue to their authors. They both evince very competent knowledge of the subject; but they indulge too greatly in verbal criticism, which ought not to be sold at the dear rate of a shilling per sheet, widely printed. To justify a separate pamphlet or essay, a man should have some enlarged philosophical criticism to offer to the public; who will not pay half-a-crown to be told, that Mr. Weber has committed verbal oversights in the execution of his office, as editor of an old dramatist, even though the charge should be most authentically and circumstantially followed up by proof, in chapter and verse.

The pages of a review are the proper vehicle for such discussions, such corrections, and such exposures; and we must again most seriously deprecate these infringements of our rights and these encroachments upon our province. Such irregular practitioners of reviewing, will be the death of our craft.

The author of Mr. Heber's letters appears to possess more various learning than Mr. Kemble's correspondent; but both are quite equal to the easy task of annihilating Mr. Weber. The remarks of the former pamphlet

'are principally confined to the first volume [of Ford], because the Cambridge gentleman who published the letter to Mr. Kemble, has commented chiefly on the latter, with such knowledge of, and mastery over, his subject, as at once determined the author of the letter to Mr. Heber to seek his game on another ground.'

In more than one instance, Mr. Heber's correspondent shews Mr. Weber the meaning of what are to him sealed words, by quotations from his own '*Metrical Romances*.'

CRIT. REV. Vol. 1, June, 1812.

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'Out of thy own mouth will I condemn thee.' It cannot be expected, that we should quote any of the verbal criticisms of these pamphlets, which every possessor of Weber's Ford, must, in justice to the poet, bind up with that work. But we will give our readers the mottos to each of the letters, both of which are happily selected. To Mr. Kemble's:—

'Master Ford, awake: awake, Master Ford; there's a hole made in your best coat, Master Ford.' SHAKSPEARE.

To Mr. Heber's:—

'Good God! Friar Gerund! thou art as ignorant as a Donado! Hast thou not—Beyerlink, that will help thee to as much sudden erudition as thou hast need of, for whatever thou hast a mind. Besides Beyerlink, are there not the Passeraciuses, the Ambrosios, the Calepinos, and the Universal Dictionaries, now in use in all languages, which will give thee such historical and critical information upon each word, that thy memory will scarce contain it. It is true, the critics call this a *make-shift* learning; but why shall not the *make-shift* scholars be as much scholars as those who are so, with all the ceremonies of the order.'

Friar Gerund, ii. p. 175.

ART. XII.—*Santos de Montenos*; or, *Annals of a Patriot Family, founded on recent Facts*: By William Ticken, Esq. 3 Vols. 12mo. Pannier, 1811, 18s.

FROM the building of Cadiz by Phœnician Rovers, to the recent irruption of the French, Spain has been the prey of successive invaders; yet, notwithstanding, its wealth and beauty have continually tempted the cupidity of the aggressor, its physical and moral defences, its peninsular and mountainous barrier defended by a freedom of spirit and bravery of a romantic cast, have ever rendered the entire conquest of it either impracticable or of very slow attainment. It was the arena, wherein, for a long series of ages, the descendants of Japheth and Ham, Phœnicians and Celts, Carthaginians and Romans, Moors and Goths, successively contended for the mastery. The country, during these troubles, was split into small dynasties, among which, a petty, but incessant warfare, was continually carried on, a weaker state generally uniting with a stronger, as a balance against a third more powerful than either. In this continual agitation of the parts, no well-compacted whole could coalesce. But though this state of things was unfavourable for the formation of a national spirit, it was

well adapted for the production of heroic qualities in private individuals. The Castilian and the Catalonian had much more frequent calls for the display of prudence, valour, and generosity, towards each other, than towards a foreign foe. Their interests clashed so much, that their inclinations could seldom be brought to unite. Intercourse was less rare, and jealousy was kept awake by prejudice and hatred. The heterogeneous nature of the provincial governments remains to the present day, and its bad effects are too sensibly perceived in the want of union and combination. At the same time, it must be admitted, that the evil has not been unaccompanied by good. The primitive character of the peasantry has been less changed and corrupted than in any nation of Europe. The true Spaniard is still what his forefather was: indolent, and contemning manual labour, yet patient of the fatigues of war; persevering, and fond of romantic exploits; rash, yet deliberative; bold, yet not unsusceptible of panic and despair; having the feelings of honour and religion, foiled by a barbarous cruelty, and exhibiting a faithful submission to his leader, contrasted with an unbending loftiness of spirit. From the character of the country, therefore, its governments and people, it is no wonder that Spain has been the chosen region of romance and chivalry from the exploits of the Phœnician Hercules to those of the Knight of La Mancha. Even its authentic history, from the sufferings of Numantia to those of Saragossa, and from the crusades against the followers of Mahomet to the holy insurrection against the hordes of Bonaparte, has in it an air of romance which distinguishes it from that of other countries.

With regard, therefore, to the scene of action, the author of the work before us, has chosen well, but in the time of the action, he has not shewn an equal judgment. The sorrows of those whose eyes are still dropping tears for the loss of their relatives and friends, or for the desolate condition of their country, will not endure the fiction, while the reality is so recent: and the compassion of those who have no immediate interest in what is passing in Spain, will not feed on ideal distress, while the actual suffering is visible. Years should have passed before so sacred a sorrow should have been given up to the tribe of novelists and dramatists. In the case before us, the fiction disgraces the facts, and the facts destroy the illusion of the fiction. Taken as a history, it wants credibility. As a novel, it is too close an imitation of real life; and thus it loses the simplicity and dignity of truth, without gaining the hap-

piness and grace of invention. What can be more strange than to read in one chapter, that Admiral Apodaca and Viscount Materosa (whether, by their own consent or not, does not appear), were appointed guardians to the heroine; and, in the next, to read of sighs, tears, and all the other undiplomatic ingredients of a common novel? In one chapter, to wade through a state paper, signed *Yo el rey*, and in the next, a love letter?

The work is open to an objection also, from its frequent tirades against Bonaparte and his associates. To the truth and justice of these ebullitions, we have not much to oppose, but their efficiency towards the end they are intended to promote, we must be permitted to doubt. What we acquire by silent inferences of our own, makes a stronger impression than that which is preached aloud to us. The very essence of the tale cries woe to him by whom the offence came. The effect of artillery cannot be increased by putting squibs into cannon already loaded with grape-shot.

We object also to the catastrophe as too dolorous, and as absolutely improbable. If it should be answered, that it is true, then we must rejoin, that the story was fitter for a history than a novel, and that its fringed ornaments are utterly out of character with the sables of so deep a tragedy.

We might add to these articles of impeachment, the enumeration of many glaring offences in style, whether the effect of negligence and haste, or of an imperfect acquaintance with the language; whether to be attributed to the composer or the compositor we shall leave to those personages to determine between themselves.

It may appear an inconsistency, after so long a list of faults, to speak in praise of this performance; yet it is difficult to resist the fascination of a Spanish tale; and independently of that charm, we are bound to say, that we have seldom read a more affecting story; that we have seldom felt more anxious, that the author might not, by a want of judgment, disgrace his excellent materials; that the moral tendency of the work is entirely unexceptionable; and we think that its value is likely to increase with its age, when its crudities shall have disappeared through the effect of time.

ART. XIII.—*Historical Inquiries concerning Forests and Forest Laws, with Topographical Remarks upon the Ancient and Modern State of the New Forest in the County of Southampton.* By Percival Lewis, Esq. F.A.S. T. Payne, 1811, 4to. pp. 227. £1 11s. 6d.

IF the author of this work designed it for general use, he has printed it in a far too expensive and magnificent style, since a moderate six shilling octavo would have comprised, with ease and neatness, the whole of its contents. In its present form, it is not to be imagined, that it can answer any other purpose than that of occupying a space on the shelves of gentlemen who are locally connected with the subject of which it treats. Very little legal information is to be derived from it in addition to what is contained in *Manwood*; and, as a work of topography and antiquities, although it certainly possesses some curious particulars, it is compiled in too dry and uninteresting a manner to afford much amusement beyond the magic circle of the New Forest.

The author states in his preface, as one of the principal inducements which urged him to turn his attention to the subject, ‘the attempts that of late years have been made to alter and abridge the rights of the owners of estates, within and adjoining the boundaries of the forest.’ What these rights are, or are contended to be, may be unknown to the generality of our readers, and may moreover be a subject of curiosity to some. We shall therefore present them with an abridged account of that chapter or section which treats ‘of the nature and extent of the rights and privileges to which the proprietors of manors and other estates, in and upon the borders of the New Forest, are entitled,’ (see p. 100 and seq.), in preference to taking a more general survey of the contents, which can hardly interest any but those who would otherwise be inclined to purchase the work itself.

‘The rights and privileges claimed by such proprietors, comprehend chiefly herbage for commonable cattle, pannage for hogs, and fuel.’ Goats appear not to be commonable cattle, and were, doubtless, ‘excluded, inasmuch as their manner of depasturing is destructive of the growth of timber; for which reason, even in North Wales (which we consider as the land of goats), the proprietors of estates at this day very generally introduce into their leases a clause prohibiting their tenants from keeping them. ‘Sheep also

are excepted in numerous instances; and Bulstrode considers them as not commonable, 'inasmuch as they bite so close as to destroy the vert,' or herbage. Mr. Lewis seems to question Bulstrode's authority; but we hardly know why; since, although, in the better opinions of modern farmers, the depasturing of these animals conduces in the end to the improvement of the herbage which they appear to destroy, the notion might well have been otherwise among our ancestors.

'That the right of commonage is not limited in point of extent, has (I believe), never been questioned; but of late years a prohibition (referring to the 9th and 10th of William the Third), has made its appearance in this forest, the legality of which I take the liberty of questioning, at least in the extent to which it is urged by the present officers of the forest: at the same time, I cannot but allow, that the enacting clause (upon the authority of which they rely), is very strongly worded.

'That the 9th and 10th of William the Third was not suffered to pass, until "different commissions had issued to men of knowledge and consideration, to which full and distinct answers were returned," and, that "it was not till after the fullest investigation had been made, counsel heard, and witnesses examined on behalf of those who had claims on the forest, and the bill debated and amended by the Lords, and those amendments discussed and agreed to by the Commons," I do not discredit or attempt to disprove. The journals of the Lords establish it to a certain extent; I say, to a certain extent; for, extraordinary as it may appear, the legislators of that day were certainly satisfied with the production and examination of the records of the justice seat of 1635, without taking any notice whatever of those of 1670.'

The avowed object of the act of William (he proceeds to maintain), was the increase and preservation of naval timber; for which purpose power was given of enclosing a certain proportion of the wastes; subject, however, as he contends, to this implied, but invariable, rule,

'that, in every case in which it may be necessary for the general good, that government should interpose its authority, so as to affect the property of individuals without their consent, the alteration should be carried no further than the public interest or safety requires; and that a full equivalent should be given.'

The equivalent, in the present case, he maintains, could have been no other than 'a full confirmation of the then existing rights over the remaining wastes of the forest.'

This is the principle upon which our author grounds his argument. The act of William has neither actually nor virtually repealed the *Charta de Foresta*, nor the act of 16 and 17 Charles I.

'I am aware,' he says, 'of the decision of the Court of King's Bench, *Biddlecombe v. Kervell* (2 Burr. Rep. 1117.) and, that I am contending against great authority; but, in that case, neither the *Charta de Foresta*, nor the act of Charles I., were noticed by the court.'

The following clause of the act of William, he contends to be perfectly explicit, and, that the subsequent proviso does not imply any contradiction.

'This act not to extend, or be construed to extend, to the taking away or altering the forest laws, but that the said forest and every part thereof, shall be subject to, and under the laws of the forest, as if this act had never been made.'

'Had these documents, viz. the *Charta de Foresta*, and the 16 and 17 C. I. been considered by the legislature as obsolete, why did they not expunge them from the statute book altogether? On the contrary, they are permitted to remain there, aided and supported by an uninterrupted usage (as I am led to believe), of a much longer continuance than what is required by the nullum tempus act, and I cannot persuade myself to believe, that the present verderors, whom we have chosen to preside at our courts and to protect our rights, ever intended to abridge them; their intention, I have no doubt, was, to deter persons who possessed no rights of commonage at all, and not to alarm those who, as well as themselves and their predecessors, had exercised such rights for 60 years and upwards.'

Mr. Percival Lewis does not hold this discourse to the unenlightened. It is, like the Ordinary of Newgate's Sermon to Jonathan Wild, 'to the Greeks foolishness.' No case is stated, save what may be with great care and pains collected from the references at the end of the volume; and, not feeling ourselves greatly interested in the question, we are not sure that, even by the aid of those references, we clearly comprehend the nature of the abuses of which he complains, the illegality of which, it is the drift of the foregoing argument to establish. For all that, the argument may be very just and very convincing to those who know more of the subject than we pretend to know. At all events, we are not so presumptuous as to hazard an opinion respecting it.

The two last sections of the work contain 'Cursory Remarks on the Subject of Timber in General, and on the

* This question, we fear, is not very decisive of the case. Why are not the acts for hanging gipsies and all who are found in their company, for hanging those who break down the head of a fish-pond, or cut down trees, or cut-hop binds, or steal woollen cloths from tenter-grounds, and about a hundred other hanging acts, abolished? We trust they are all *obsolete*.—Rev.

Ancient and Present State of the Timber in the New Forest; and Observations 'On the Benefit likely to accrue by a General Inclosure of the Wastes of the New Forest, as well to the Public as to the Persons who have at present rights and privileges within the same.'

This is undoubtedly a subject of much more general interest than the former. The reasons which operate to the prevention of any very extensive plans of encouraging the growth of wood on private property, 'surely ought not to have any weight or influence with government, in any plans which the crown may think proper to adopt, towards the inclosing and planting such parts of the waste lands of the royal forests as are at present nearly, if not totally, unproductive.' The author then goes on to state, from various documents, the constant and enormous decrease of timber in the New Forest during the whole course of the last century, and the various abuses which prevent the growth of young plants and seedlings, and accelerate the destruction of the timber trees, under the pretences of fuel, &c. The ineffectual and abortive attempts which have from time to time been made to inquire into the causes of this great national evil, with a view to the redress of it, are stated as a subject of just regret for the past and anxiety for the future; and then follows a proposal for a general inclosure as the only means of preserving the timber in this forest, and the most obvious and easy to be effected for the purpose of averting the too probable calamity of a future deficiency of timber to answer the demands of the navy.

'However advantageous such a procedure may be to the public, it is a plan that ought not to be adopted without all due consideration and circumspection: the claims of the borderers and others who are interested, ought to be thoroughly sifted and carefully examined, and a sufficient retribution made to the full extent of the rights, &c. surrendered up, the value and nature of which might be easily ascertained by commissioners chosen by the crown, and on evidence adduced of the parties interested; the commissioners so selected afterwards calling to their assistance an impartial jury of sweins or freeholders, of which description of persons the established juries of the forest have always been constituted. At present, not only the crown, but the borderers, as well as the proprietors of estates in the neighbourhood, and within this forest, are materially injured in their respective rights by cattle of every description turned in by a numerous body of individuals, who have not even a pretence, much less a claim, to do so; the evil has crept in by degrees, but has risen to so great a height, that it is for the interest both of the crown [and of] the borderers and persons interested, to

crush it. This, I conceive, cannot effectually be done without a general inclosure, which affords another argument, and of considerable weight, for the adoption of the measure; a measure which, if properly carried into effect, cannot fail, in my opinion, to benefit the individual who is interested in it, as well as the nation at large, by the aid it may afford, from time to time, towards the maintenance and support of the British Navy. If this supposition be well founded, that a much smaller proportion of growing timber will, in future, be allowed to stand so long as to reach the size which ships of war require, and that the timber produced on private property (if the prosperity of the country continues), will not be equal to the consumption of oak timber for its internal purposes, as well as for the shipping necessary for the whole of our trade; the inevitable consequence of the present neglect and supineness must be, that the country will experience a fatal want of timber of the larger size, and become dependent upon other powers for the means of supporting its navy. If there be any just cause for this alarm (and we have the authority of the commissioners of the land revenue for apprehending that there is), surely no delay should be allowed to take place in the adoption of such measures as may be the means of providing this necessary supply: care and frugality in its expenditure may contribute something; the improvement and better management of the royal forests will effect much more; and to this resource, every reflecting person who is a well-wisher to his country, anxiously looks up, as to one of the surest as well as the best means of avoiding an evil which is so much to be dreaded. The calculated tonnage of the British Navy in 1547, was only 12,455 tons, in the year 1788, it amounted to 413,667; and has, since that period, considerably increased. To avail ourselves of such a valuable resource, therefore, becomes a measure not of choice, but of necessity, in which the safety of the country is concerned, and which it is the duty of government to adopt.

‘I do not feel in the least inclined to discredit the opinion given by the commissioners, whose reports have been so frequently alluded to, that by the improvement and better management of the royal forests an annual supply of timber, equal to what was formerly required by the Navy, might have been obtained from them; but if the exertion then recommended, was essentially necessary, how much more necessary must it now be to the welfare of the country after a lapse of 18 years, and when the amount of consumption is doubled? In the year 1792, 50,000 loads of oak timber was the supply wanted; in 1811, 100,000 loads will not satisfy the demand of the British Navy, upon the maintenance of whose superiority, the existence of every thing that is valuable to us as a nation, must, and always will, depend.’ P. 131, *ad finem*.

Two appendices are subjoined to the volume, the one consisting of charters, ordinances, and statutes relating to

forests in general, the other of those documents which refer to the New Forest exclusively. The work contains, further, a map of the New Forest, and a very pretty frontispiece; it is set off by a most gorgeous expanse of margin—(in one full page, we count precisely eighty-five words),—and, in every other respect, is a fit ornament for the library-table of a marquis.

ART. XIV.—*A Narrative of the principal Events of the Campaigns of 1809, 1810, and 1811, in Spain and Portugal; interspersed with Remarks on Local Scenery and Manners. In a Series of Letters. By Captain William Stoher, Adjutant Third Foot Guards. London, Martin, 1812, Svo. 8s.*

THIS work is little more than a dry, chronological detail of the marches of the British troops in the peninsula, and of the different positions which they occupied. It contains hardly any passages which excite even a transient interest. The few particulars which we can select, are the following. In Letter II, dated Lisbon, March 16, 1809, we read, that the British soldiers halted, and took off their hats on the approach of the *host*, agreeably to orders which they had received.

When the French under Marshal Soult, in May, 1809, were driven from Oporto, the author says, that the Portuguese peasantry, armed with any weapons which they could procure, 'hung upon the rear and flanks of the retreating enemy, and put to death every straggler from the main body, who was not so fortunate as to be saved by the advanced guard.'

In Letter X. the author asserts, that the French, on their first arrival in Oporto, '*bayoneted without distinction of age or sex*,' '*the unarmed inhabitants who happened to be in the streets*.' From this letter, we extract the following account of the Portuguese, though it contains nothing which has not been long known and often said before.

'The Portuguese are more superstitious than the inhabitants of any other Catholic country, and are remarkably fond of all religious processions and ceremonies. Few houses are without a private chapel, in which mass is celebrated at least once a day; hence the incredible number of the clergy. Every family has a confessor, who not only takes care of their spiritual concerns, but the domestic arrangements also are often under his controul.

'No people in the world are more docile and submissive to the order of their magistrates and superiors; and this ready obedience was found of the greatest consequence, as facilitating in many instances the operations of the campaign.

'They are remarkably sober, and seldom indulge in any excess. The men wrapped up in long cloaks at all seasons, amuse themselves for hours in looking out of the windows, while the women are actively employed in attending to their household concerns.

'In their demeanour towards strangers and each other, they are extremely courteous, and it is no uncommon thing to see peasants conversing with their heads uncovered, in token of natural respect.'

When the author enters Spain, he remarks, like most other persons, the striking difference in the appearance and manners of the Portuguese and Spaniards. We need not add, that this difference is in favour of the Spaniards, 'who seem,' says Captain Stothert, 'of a more manly character.'

In Letter XV. we find the following characteristic notice of General Cuesta, who commanded the Spanish army at Talavera de la Reyna, and to whose imbecility, rather than to whose treachery, we may probably ascribe the misfortunes which followed that hard-fought battle.

'The Spanish leader appeared an infirm old man, so much so, that he is obliged to be lifted into his saddle, and as he cannot remain long at a time on horseback, an ancient family coach, drawn by six mules, is in constant attendance.'

It is pleasing to behold some of the courtesies of civilized life practised amidst the din of arms and the carnage of war. After the cessation of the action in the morning of the second day of the battle of Talavera, Captain Stothert mentions, that

'the wounded were carried off to the rear, and while engaged in this painful duty, the British and French soldiers shook hands with each other, and expressed their admiration of the gallantry displayed by the troops of both nations.'

The following may be placed amongst the circumstances which distinguished the sanguinary conflict at Talavera.

'About six in the evening, the long dry grass having caught fire, the flames spread rapidly over the field of action, and consumed in their fatal progress numbers of the dead and wounded.'

The British army, in their retreat from Talavera de la Reyna, arrived at Badajos in October, 1809.

'The 14th instant,' says Captain Stothert, 'being the birthday of Ferdinand, a royal salute was fired from the ramparts.

'In the afternoon, there was a numerous assemblage on the

Alameda, the public promenad^e, or Prado of this city, near the river, where the inhabitants, of all ranks, are accustomed to take the air. Several beautiful women were present, who attracted attention by their engaging, yet not immodest looks, and the graceful ease of their carriage. The veil, which is universally worn, no longer serves to conceal their faces, and the *tout ensemble* of their simple and elegant dress, is admirably adapted to display a fine form to the best advantage.

A short religious ceremony, peculiar to this nation, is deserving of notice. At sun-set, every evening, the bells of the convents and churches are tolled for a few moments. On hearing this signal, the people cease conversing with each other, and quit their occupations, and, all in silence, address a short prayer to the protecting power, which has brought them in safety to the close of another day.

There are no public places of amusement in Badajos; but one lady, Donna Payna, opens her house every night to the best society and the British officers, who are received with the utmost politeness. Conversation, cards, the song and dance, succeed each other, and form what is called the *tertullia*, similar in most respects to a London rout.

On the above evening, the *tertullia* was particularly well attended. The young and lovely Marchioness D'Almeida and the handsome widow Donna Manuela, were the admired and principal ornaments of the assembly. There were several other ladies present, who maintained the reputation of their country for the beauty of its women. In general, the Spanish ladies are elegantly formed, and spare no pains in the decoration of their persons. They are remarkably mild and engaging in their manner and address, but few of them speak any language except their own, and the education of all is extremely confined. A Spanish lover is certain of seeing his mistress, at least, once a day, as nothing but indisposition prevents all classes from attending church. The *Duenna* still forms part of the establishment of a Spanish household, but without her former authority and privileges. Ladies of a certain rank, never stir abroad without a female attendant, who, if they are young, is about their own age, and more a companion disposed to promote their wishes, than a rigid observer of their actions.

When the British arrived at Vizeu, the author remarks, that the Benedictines were not backward in expressing their satisfaction at that event; and after saying, that refreshments were presented to the officers who visited the grate, he adds: 'All the confectionary is made in the convents, and this forms one source of the revenue of these institutions.'

Captain Stothert says, that the grate of the Benedictine nunnery at Vizeu, possessed more charms for the British

officers than all the local beauties of the vicinity ; but he adds, that the bishop of the diocese expressed ' his displeasure to the Lady Abbess at their frequent visits.'

The above contain the major part of the *readable* scraps which the present volume will supply. Our duty is in the notice of works like the present, which are hardly objects of criticism, to select, as well as we can, something which may amuse the idle, if it cannot inform the learned, or which may beguile a vacant, if it be not worthy to employ a serious hour.

ART. XV.—*A Cursory Inquiry into the expediency of repealing the Annuity Act, and raising the Legal Rate of Interest ; in a Series of Letters. By Edward Burtonshaw Sugden, Esq. of Lincoln's-Inn, Barrister at Law.* London, Murray, 1812, 2s. 6d.

HAS any good accrued to society from fixing the *maximum* of interest? If this *maximum* had not been fixed, would government have been compelled to make its loans on less favourable terms? Or has it enabled individuals to borrow money with more facility and advantage? With respect to government, we believe, that the operation of the act has not had much influence on its financial schemes. Government would probably have been enabled to make its loans on as moderate terms, if the *maximum* of interest had not been previously determined. For the terms of government loans always have been, and always must be, determined by the exigencies of the government itself and the quantity of capital in the market, which has been saved, or can be withdrawn from, the pursuits of agriculture, commerce, and manufactures. And there can be little doubt, that whether the *maximum* of interest were fixed or not, government would be able to borrow money on more favourable terms than individuals, owing to the greater solidity of the security. But the operation of the act against what is called usury, has been chiefly prejudicial to persons who wish to borrow money on personal security, on life interests, or reversions. Individuals who want to borrow on such securities, are, in fact, as the law at present stands, obliged to pay much more for it than they would, if the interest of money, instead of being fixed, had been left to be adjusted between the quantity of money in the market and the different degrees of hazard

attached to the loan. At present, those who raise money on personal or hazardous security, are obliged to pay not only for the money which they borrow, but for the complicated means of evading the law. Money is borrowed on annuities on the most extravagant and disadvantageous terms. It has been often remarked, that the multiplication of oaths does not prevent the increase of perjuries; and it seems certain, that all statutes made against usury, only augment the evil which they are designed to remedy. Instead of putting an end to extortion, they whet the rapacity of extortioners. The act of the 17th G. III. c. 26, which has subjected the grant of annuities to particular regulations, has not been found to afford much relief to the persons for whose benefit it was designed. It has increased the expence of borrowing, and has moreover proved a fruitful source of litigation. 'I am not,' says Mr. Sugden, 'aware of any act in the statute book, on which so many cases have been decided within any thing like the same space of time.' And, as usually happens in such cases, neither of the parties, borrowers or lenders, have been much benefited by this process of litigation.

'In looking,' says the sensible author of these letters, 'through fifty cases, taken at random, I found them nearly balanced, eight and twenty having been decided in the borrowers favour, and twenty-two in favour of the lender.'

Mr. Sugden recommends, that the rate of interest should be changed.

'This,' says he, 'the legislature has frequently done, and if circumstances have formerly required it to be lowered, circumstances at present require it to be raised. To place borrowers on the same footing as they stood at the time of Queen Anne, the highest rate of interest should now be fixed at seven per cent. This might wound the pride of the country, and probably alarm some well-intentioned people; but a little reflection would, I think, dissipate all anxiety on this head. Experience has shewn, that money will find its value in the market; that, on the one hand, if the legal rate is fixed too low, a higher will by one mean or another be obtained; that, on the other hand, if the rate is fixed too high, yet the market price will not rise on that account. The first proposition has already been considered. The second is proved by the circumstance, that although the statute of Anne authorized five per cent. to be taken, yet, in point of fact, until, in late times, five per cent. never was obtained. The rate of interest on good landed security, varied from $3\frac{1}{2}$ to $4\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. and an instance rarely occurred that five per cent. was taken. Where that rate was reserved, it was used only as a spur to prompt payment, for it was usual to provide,

that if four per cent. was regularly paid, that should be accepted in lieu of the five reserved. These are facts with which every one in the habit of looking over titles, is well acquainted. With this evidence before us, it would be idle to suppose, that if seven per cent. were allowed to be taken, instead of five, the former would always be obtained. We have decisive evidence, that if money is not of that value in the market, the full legal rate will not be obtained, although it may be legally taken. It might as well be supposed, that any one can get what he chooses to ask for his house, because he may lawfully take what he can get. On the other hand, if seven per cent. should be obtained without difficulty, that would be the best possible evidence, that that is the proper legal rate; and any attempt to keep down the interest below the demand in the market, will have no other effect than making a law which will inevitably be broken; and, at the same time, *increasing* the market rate, on account of the risk of evading the law. All this, it may be said, tends to shew, that there should be *no* restraint on lending money. Perhaps it may. But it certainly goes far to shew, that any restraint not adapted to the existing state of the market, cannot have a beneficial effect.

ART. XVI.—*Observations on Select Places of the Old Testament, founded on a perusal of Parsons's Travels from Aleppo to Bagdad. By W. Vansittart, A. M. Vicar of White Waltham, Berks. Rivington, 1812. 4s.*

TRAVELS in the east, have been often found to furnish the best commentary on particular passages of the Scriptures, particularly those which relate to manners and customs, or to points of natural history. Many arguments have hence been deduced to support the historical accuracy of the Old and New Testament. Mr. Vansittart first endeavours to reconcile the fourteenth and fifteenth verses in the thirty-ninth chapter of the book of Job, with the account of the ostrich which is found in the travels of Mr. Parsons. For this purpose, Mr. Vansittart has produced a new translation of those two verses, which appears to him to exhibit a more accurate idea of the original than the established version. The ostrich has been generally supposed not to sit upon her eggs, but to leave them in the sand to be hatched by the natural efficacy of the solar heat. This error seems to have been entertained by the authors of the established version, and it is favoured by the Vulgate. The Vulgate renders the verses:

' 14. Quando derelinquit ova sua in terra,
Tu forsitan in pulvere calefacies ea?

' 15. Obliviscitur quod pes conculcet ea,
Aut bestia agri conterat.'

The following is the established version :

' 14. Which leaveth her eggs in the earth, and warmeth them in the dust;

' 15. And forgetteth that the foot may crush them, or that the wild beast may break them.'

We shall now produce the new version of Mr. Vansittart :

' Which committeth her eggs to the ground,
And hatcheth them on the sand.
And forgetteth that the foot may crush her,
Or the wild beasts tear her in pieces.'

Eichhorn's translation of the book of Job, which is now lying by us, favours the idea of the ostrich forsaking her eggs, and leaving them to be hatched by accident.

' Er vertrant der erde seine eyer,
Lasst sie im sand erwarmen
Und vergisst, das sie den fuss zertreten,
Und das feldthier sie zerquetschen kann.'

The LXX. who render the word $\omega\omicron\pi\eta\eta$ by $\theta\alpha\lambda\psi\eta$, are more favourable to the idea of the ostrich hatching her eggs by incubation ; but their translation of the fifteenth verse, seems to suggest the contrary supposition.

$\text{Και επιλαβeto oti πeς σκοpιeι}$
 $\text{Και θηpια αγpe καταπατησει.}$

The above implies the maternal indifference of the bird about her eggs ; and this is confirmed by the 16th verse, which, in the translation of the established church, is :

' She is hardened against her young ones, as though they were not hers. Her labour is in vain without fear.'

Mr. Vansittart, on the contrary, produces several instances from travellers, to prove, that the ostrich is not deficient in parental tenderness, but is distinguished by a peculiar degree of that species of sensibility. He quotes a passage from Vaillant's Travels, in which that writer describes four female ostriches sitting by turns on the same nest, and performing in succession the office of incubation. Mr. Vansittart pays particular attention to this circumstance,

'because,' says he, 'by these four mother-birds having the same nest in common, and intermixing their eggs, they would likewise, when their eggs were hatched, have their young intermixed and in common; so that the parents, not being able to discern their own particular young, would expend their affection equally on the whole brood, and consequently on the young of another bird equally as of her own. Thus she would be taking to herself the young of others, instead of her own. So, that in this respect, she might be said to harden her own young, by taking the young of another, and dividing her affection upon them. And, in this sense, she might be called cruel as to her own young, although it is evident she would, at the same time, be affectionate also. In this sense, I shall propose a first explanation of this 16th verse:

"She hath hardened her young ones for that which is not hers; her labour is in vain without fear: or, her labour is for another without maternal discrimination."

The words of the established version, '*her labour is in vain without fear*,' certainly convey no very distinct nor intelligible meaning; but Mr. Vansittart's substitution of, '*her labour is for another without maternal discrimination*,' appears to be hardly justified by the original. The following is Eichhorn's version of the 16th verse:

'Hart geht er um mit seinen kindern, als
waren sie nicht sein,
Er giebt die eyer auf, wo keine furcht ihn
zwingt.'

The extract concerning the ostrich which Mr. Vansittart makes from Mr. Parke's Travels, is the following:

'In the evening, one of the Arabs of the caravan, who returned from grazing his camels, brought with him fifteen ostrich's eggs, which were quite warm. He gave me two, and distributed the remainder among the Turkish merchants, who esteem them as a great rarity; but we were disappointed of our promised dainty, as we found the young ones quite formed. They were thought to be the produce of one bird, which had fled on the approach of the camels.'

The above extract is sufficient to prove, that the female ostrich does not, at least uniformly, neglect the parental office of hatching her eggs; but it by no means proves, that the author of the book of Job did not entertain that supposition. Mr. Vansittart must allow, that the ostrich is described by the author of the book of Job as a bird 'deprived of wisdom,' and to whom God hath not 'imparted understanding.' But whence the aptness of this description, except from her real or supposed neglect of

her maternal duties? Claudian, in his second book, *In Eutropium*, gives a description of the ostrich, in which, indeed, he does not mention her abandonment of her young, but he adds a characteristic circumstance of her foolishness, which, as it is rather curious, we will quote.

'Vasta velut Libyæ venantum vocibus ales,
Cum premitur, calidas cursu transmittit arenas,
Inque modum veli sinuatis flamine pennis
Pulverulenta volat. Si jam vestigia vetro
Clara sonent, oblita fugæ stat lumine clauso
Ridendum revoluta caput, credit que latere
Quæ non ipsa videt.' In Eut. II. 310—316.

We have not room to notice the other illustrations of select passages in the Old Testament which Mr. Vansittart has inserted in this pamphlet; but we recommend them to the perusal of our readers. They are very creditable to the learning and ingenuity of the author.

CRITICAL MONTHLY CATALOGUE.

RELIGION.

ART. 17.—*The Beneficial Influence of Christianity on the Character and Condition of the Female Sex, a Sermon, preached at the Rev. Dr. Rees's Meeting House, Jewin-Street, Aldersgate-Street, on Wednesday, April 8, 1812, in behalf of the Society for the Relief of the Necessitous Widows and Fatherless Children of Protestant Dissenting Ministers. By Robert Aspland. Johnson, London.*

WE entirely agree with the sensible author of this sermon, that Christianity has been very instrumental in 'exalting the character and bettering the condition of the female sex.' Christianity has thus contributed greatly to promote the civilization of those nations which have embraced it. Mr. Aspland describes the degraded condition of women under the influence of other religious systems than the Christian. Our Saviour did not treat women as if they had no souls; nor did he order his gospel to be preached only to one part of the intellectual creation. Under the benign system, which He promulgated, no invidious distinction is made between Jew and Gentile, bond and free, male and female. *All are one in Christ Jesus*; all are equally objects of his lovely doctrine and of his consolatory promises. Mr. Aspland very sagaciously remarks, that even the idolatrous worship which was paid to the *Virgin Mary* in the dark night of Popish Superstition, 'reflected back honour upon her sex.' It tended to give dignity to the female character in

general: and it conspired, along with the spirit of chivalry, with which it was often combined, to soften the ferocity of a barbarous age: and, in some measure, to make it the pride of the strong to protect the weak.

In proportion as women are treated with neglect and cruelty by the other sex, the maternal feelings are rendered dull and obtuse; and indeed all the affections are corrupted at their source. The equality of the sexes, which is not only approved by reason, but is particularly ratified by Christianity, equalizes the interest of the parents in the offspring; while it enlivens the hopes and brightens the prospects of maternal solicitude and tenderness. In the conclusion of his sermon, Mr. Aspland strenuously supports the interest of the excellent society, for the benefit of which, this discourse was preached. We trust, that on this occasion, the energy of Mr. Aspland was not exerted in vain.

POLITICS.

ART. 18.—*A Key to the Orders in Council.* London, Murray, 6d.

THE best key to the Orders in Council, is, perhaps, the speech of Mr. Brougham in the House of Commons on Tuesday, the sixteenth day of June last. That speech has, we hope, consigned them to a long sojourn in the land of oblivion; from which, we trust, that they will not again be brought forth to diffuse misery, indigence, and discontent over the world. Those who wish to retain a recollection of what the Orders in Council *were* (for we will venture to speak of them in the past tense as of things which have no longer a palpable reality), may see them exhibited as large as life in the present pamphlet. We must remark, that the editor appears to be a determined enemy to the repeal of the above orders; which repeal, he thinks, would be much more favourable to the interests of America and of France than of Great Britain. The orders were founded, or said to be founded, on the PRINCIPLE of *retaliation*. The writer seems to us to show too much respect for this PRINCIPLE, which is certainly not one by which a *Christian government* can be actuated, without outraging its professions and falsifying its claim to the title of *Christian*. If Great Britain and France choose to quarrel, why should a third unoffending party (America), be sacrificed to their reciprocal animosity?

ART. 19.—*A serious Call to the Electors of Great Britain on the approaching Dissolution of Parliament: with Brief Remarks on the Conduct of the present House of Commons on the most important Subjects which have come before them; with some Observations on their Privileges; on the Catholic Question, the Regency, Reform in Parliament, &c. &c.* London, Hatchard, 2s. 6d.

AMONGST the various topics to which this 'Serious Call' calls the attention of our countrymen, that of a reform in parliament, is

of the most vital interest and the most urgent importance. Recent events have furnished very demonstrative proof, that this reform is the only likely means left of saving the state. The writer appears to have great dread of what he calls an '*independent House of Commons*;' but yet he says, in another place: 'If, by reform, was alone understood, the *expelling corruption from Parliament, in all the efforts to do so, I should most heartily accord.*' Now, why the author, who would apparently approve an *incorrupt* House of Commons, should entertain such a childish dread of an *independent* House of Commons, we cannot possibly conceive. For the words, in the sense in which they are commonly used, are nearly synonymous. The friends of reform who wish to amend the defective state of the representation, do not wish to see a House of Commons so independent as to be paramount over the other two branches of the constitution, the king, and lords, but only liberated from that dependence which arises from the malignant agency of rotten boroughs, and from the corrupt and corrupting influence of the minister. Those who are eager to increase the sum total of independence in the House of Commons, have, in fact, no other desire than to diminish the corruption and venality which the present state of the representation naturally engenders. One is the effect of the other, and the first cannot be destroyed till the last is removed. If, by an *independent House of Commons*, the author means a House of Commons which would render the power of the king and the peers a mere nullity in the constitution, we agree with him, that such a House of Commons would be a perilous anomaly which would terminate in democratic storms. But whilst the crown retains its present mass of patronage in the army, the navy, the church, and in all the almost infinite ramifications of influence which may be seen in the *red book*, it is idle to talk of any House of Commons being entirely independent of the executive. The great object is to render it *less* dependent than it is at present; for, according to the natural progress of the present system of *influence*, which is every day becoming greater, of which every loan magnifies the enormity, and to which every successive year of war makes an incalculable addition, not only the House of Commons, but that of the Lords also, will soon be absorbed in the vortex of the court. All who wish to thrive in the world, must consent to be the menials of the crown; and prosperity will be another term to denote an obsequious servility to the minister of the day.

ART. 20.—*A Letter to Edward Parry and Charles Grant, Esqrs. Chairman and Deputy Chairman of the Court of Directors in 1809, on the Commercial Monopoly of the East India Company, and on the Policy of the Establishment of a New Company.* London, Wilson, 1812, 8vo. 7s.

CAN the trade to the east be extended with benefit to this

country? This is certainly a very important question, and more particularly so in the present almost total exclusion of British manufactures from the European continent. The idea seems very generally entertained except by the partisans of the East India monopoly, that the trade may be carried to a much greater extent than it now is, with great advantage to the individuals, and consequently to the community. The principal evils which have been predicted as likely to result from throwing open the trade, are the following, as stated in the words of the sensible author of this pamphlet:

'1. That it would raise the price of Indian goods in India, and lower them here. 2. That it would probably cause the Chinese government to prohibit all trade with England. 3. That colonization would follow from a free trade, and be attended with many evils.'

With respect to the eager competition in the market, which, it is supposed, would be occasioned, if the monopoly were annulled, this certainly, whatever might be its effects in particular instances, would, on the whole, be conducive to the general good of the nation. The natural tendency of all monopolies is, and must ever be, to raise the prices of the commodities to which the monopoly is confined, much higher than they would be, if a free trade were allowed. The revenue which is yielded by the territories of the company, can be no argument for the continuance of the monopoly; for that revenue has never yet been found sufficient to support the expences of the government. The revenue of India contributes nothing to the advantage of the sovereign state. The territorial dominion of the company in India, is indeed likely to be a great burthen to this country. The author shows, that though the trade to India is said to be productive of loss to the company, it is productive of considerable profit to the captains and officers of the company's ships. This, says he, is 'owing to the different manner in which business is conducted and attended to by individuals and by the East India Company.'

We are informed, that 'of the teas imported by the captains of the company's ships, the company takes first one-third; and then sells the remainder for the benefit of the captain,' which remainder '*yields a profit of not less than fifty or sixty per cent. on the whole.*'

To show how little the company encourage the exportation of British manufactures, the author mentions, that they do not export to the annual value of £1000 of the manufactures of Birmingham; and that £2000 is the utmost amount which they ever exported in any one year of the manufactures of Sheffield. If a free trade were allowed, would there be such a diminutive export of the manufactures of Sheffield and Birmingham? 'The trade to America,' says the intelligent writer, 'containing seven millions of inhabitants, is an open trade, and takes off annually

twelve millions sterling of our manufactures. The trade to China, containing three hundred and thirty millions of inhabitants, takes off, under the management of the company, nine hundred thousand pounds annually of the same manufactures!

POETRY.

ART. 21.—*Drury's Resurrection; or, The Drama versus the Menagerie, humbly inscribed to Samuel Whitbread, Esq.* London, Shade, 1812.

A LOVER of Old Drury, paces in melancholy mood round the ruins of the old theatre, which he soliloquises in the following strains :

' Here Dryden's genius erst opposed the tide
Of gawdy nothings, and of scenic pride ;
Here Gwynne the roving heart of Charles enslaved
When monarchs waited till their queens were shaved :
Here Booth the wants of Addison supplied,
And Cato, like a Roman, lived and died.
Here Nosy's yawn had nearly damn'd his friend,
A Garrick uttering what a Johnson penn'd.'

The genius or the spectre of Old Drury appears, and laments that no public spirited man will come forward to restore the sock and buskin on the old spot, and drive from the stage the horses, elephants, camelopards, and the rest of the quadrupeds, with all the mummery and flash for the eye, which is now the *ton*. Bluebeard and Timour the Tartar are brought forward to show how deplorably the taste for classic representations has gone by, when such pieces of pantomime can fill the house to the very danger of suffocation. After an address from Apollo to our bard, he (the author), invokes the people of England :

' People of England, 'tis to you I turn,
Indulgent listen, nor the Godhead spurn ;
If taste is basterdized, the fault is due,
Not half so much to Kemble, as to you ;
For know the plea his predecessor prest,*
Was urged in earnest, though believed in jest ;
Shows, he exclaimed, are ginshops to the stage,
They blunt the sense and brutify the age.
Oppose I might, but vainly might oppose,
A single voice is drowned midst host of foes ;
My conscience bids me keep them from the town,
But public clamour knocks my conscience down.

* * * * *

" Such was his plea, and so may Kemble say."

The poem concludes with a compliment to Mr. Whitbread; who has exerted himself so strenuously in the cause of Old Drury, ; and shown himself a friend to classic lore and classic

representation. We trust, that we shall once more see our best stock plays, not only brought forward, but relished and encouraged by an enlightened English audience.

ART. 22.—*Elephantasmagoria; or, The Covent-Garden Elephants' Entrance into Elysium, being a Letter from the Shade of Garrick to John Philip Kemble, Esq. By Sappho.* London, Craddock, 1812.

THIS satire, as the author declares it to be, is dedicated to Romeo Coates, Esq. In very doggerel verse, it presents us with an account of the elephants' admission into the Elysian fields, as an actor, of the commotion which takes place on his application to Old Charon, the ferry-man, and the opposition on the part of Garrick, 'who storms like a bull.'

And Shakespear swears his ears he'll pull,
And Crawford vows to break his skull;
Barry retires, with sighing grace,
But Mossop hoots him to his face.
Otway begs you'll burn his plays,
He would not have them live, in days
When brutes and monsters are the rage.'

In such lines, as the above, the poem is carried on; and near the conclusion, the author compliments Mr. Kemble in the following strain:

'Kemble! though brutes presume to stalk
Upon the Muses' chosen walk;
Though they usurp a place of thine,
Yet shall thy fame for ever shine,
While learning has the trump of fame,
While taste and judgment has a name!'

ART. 23.—*Metrical Effusions; or, Verses on various Occasions.* Baldwin, London, 1812.

THE author of these effusions informs us, that they 'were written under the impulse of his *natural feelings*,' (we should be glad to be informed under what other feelings than *natural feelings*, a man would wish to write?) 'not for the gratification of his vanity; and they are now published at the desire of a few friends, but not in the hope of interesting the public.' It is a fortunate circumstance, that the author has not cherished any hope of interesting the public; for, we can assure him, that if he had, he would have found himself most lamentably disappointed. The author has paid his court to Mr. Roscoe in a very fulsome and absurd manner; for, whatever merit the Butterfly's Birth and the Butterfly's Ball may possess, they are not poems which we should dignify by the epithet of *elaborate*. It is a matter of surprise to us, that the *friends* of the author should wish to put him to the expence of printing a collection of nothings, which they might, we should think, have been contented to peruse in manuscript.

ART. 24.—*The Rosary; or, Beads of Love, with the Poem of Sula, in Three Cantos.* London, Murray, 1812, price 10s. 6d.

WE will begin with the preface, which begins in the following modest strain of self-approbation and conceit.

'In consideration of the numerous volumes of mediocrity so continually deluged on the world, it seems but reasonable, and in a degree necessary, that an author should endeavour by a share of self-confidence;' (erratum: for self-confidence, *read self-impudence*), 'to spread, as far as he is capable, the merit of his own performances: or, it may with justness be inquired, when he seems so conscious of his own inabilities, why he would increase the heap he complains of?'

Ah! why, indeed? but authors, like the one before us, are so infected with vanity and self-conceit, that, when the rage of spurring their *bare-boned* Rosinante has once commenced, and they think themselves firmly fixed in their saddles, it is '*Stop them who can.*' But we beg our readers to listen to this modest poet's reason, why it is so very strange, that *good folks* of *mediocre* talents (*so unlike himself*), should be so blindly tenacious of their own merits. Why for sooth, 'the fact is, that few or none can think so slightly of themselves; and when they are deploring the contemptible effusions of others, they vainly conclude, that they alone are the authors of real merit, and that none but themselves are worthy of admiration: in short, the motes in their own eyes to their own views are imperceptible.'

Ah! *Mr. Beads of Love*, we fear thou dost not clearly see the beam that is in thine own eye, for thou most certainly standest convicted of this same vanity against which thou raigest thy voice. Nor can we flatter the author so far, as even to give him the satisfaction to think, that what he calls verse, rises even to mediocrity; for a greater collection of nonsense we have seldom read.

NOVELS.

ART. 25.—*The Borderers, an Historical Romance, illustrative of the Manners of the Fourteenth Century, 3 Vols.* London, Newman, 1812, price 15s.

TO those lovers of romance who are not already cloyed with reading of captive beauties, high turrets, long sounding passages, trap-doors, stately domes, narrow casements, and moss-grown court-yards, *The Borderers* will afford an innocent and pleasing lounge. We have all the necessary qualifications of a romance in *The Borderers*. The warder's horn, and the dogs starting from the hearth, the hawks perched in the hall, and the draw-bridge, are all very properly brought forward, and very well appointed, according to the times which the work is meant to pourtray. We are carried back to the reign of Edward the

Third, and are made well acquainted with his son, the Black Prince, in a domestic way; in which, we must confess, that he appears very amiable. We are presented with a brilliant tournament, in which, John of France, and David of Scotland, are quite at home at Windsor, and appear very respectable characters. The greatest fault we have to mention, is, that the story ends unhappily, when it might as well end happily as not. But there is no accounting for the variety of tastes, or for the caprice that will prevail in works of fancy. This performance dispatches to their long homes all the characters one cares any thing about. Upon the whole, however, this little work is prettily executed; and not to be meanly appretiated amongst the fraternity to which it belongs.

MISCELLANEOUS.

ART. 26.—*Introduction to the Memoirs of Prince Eugene of Savoy. To which are added, Notes, Historical, Biographical, Military, &c.* London, Colburn, 1811, 8vo.

WE exhibited, in an Appendix of our last series, a copious account of the French edition of the memoirs of Prince Eugene of Savoy, when they had but just begun to be known in this country.

Many particulars relative to the family of Prince Eugene, to his friends or enemies, are collected in the present pamphlet, which may therefore serve as an amusing appendix to the English translation of the memoirs of the prince.

ART. 27.—*School Virgil; whereby Boys may acquire Ideas as well as Words, Masters be saved the necessity of any Explanation, and the Latin Language obtained in the shortest time. By Robert John Thornton, M. D. Member of the University of Cambridge, and of the Royal College of Physicians, &c.* London, Rivington, 1812, 8s. pp. 623.

WE have seldom met with a school-book, which contains a greater diversity of matter than the present. The editor, anxious to provide for a variety of tastes, has made an assemblage of the gay and the serious, the light and the solemn, the amorous and the devout. The ingenious doctor may almost say, with Juvenal, Quicquid agunt homines, votum, timor, ira voluptas Gaudia, discursus, nostri est farrago libelli.

ART. 28.—*Narrative of a Passage from the Island of Cape Breton across the Atlantic Ocean, with other interesting Occurrences, in a Letter to a Friend. By John Luce.* London, Forsyth, 1812, 8vo. 2s. 6d.

MR. LUCE has, in this pamphlet, exhibited an account of one of those extraordinary and hair-breadth escapes, which tend strongly to impress the minds of those who experience, and those who read them, with solemn notions of a superintending providence. We shall not mention any of the introductory nor more

extraneous parts of Mr. Luce's narrative; but shall give a brief sketch of the distresses he experienced and the perilous situation from which he was finally rescued. Mr. Luce sailed in a schooner from Arichat, Cape Breton, for Europe, on the 4th of December, 1799. On the 10th, this small vessel was overtaken by a storm. The sea rose to an uncommon height. The masts were brought into the water, and the vessel soon became filled with that element, and was prevented from sinking only by her cargo consisting principally of casks of oil. Mr. Luce and Mr. Briard were the only persons on deck, when the ship was thrown on her beam ends. In about three quarters of an hour, the main-mast broke in the deck and the fore about four feet above, which, caused the vessel to recover her equilibrium. Of the seven persons who were below, five now started up through 'the companion and sky-light;' but the other two men were drowned in the cabin. The five who escaped, had found means to keep their heads above water whilst the vessel was on her beam ends. Mr. Luce and his six surviving companions were now, in the depth of winter, floating on the wide Atlantic, seven hundred miles from land, in a vessel full of water, and kept from sinking only by her cargo of oil. They had no place whereon to lie down, and none upon which to sit, 'except the taffrail.' They saved some of the ropes, with which they barricaded the decks, and secured themselves, by ropes to the 'taffrail,' from being washed off the deck into the sea. When they had protected the decks 'fore and aft with ropes, they made an attempt to rid the vessel of water by means which Mr. Luce suggested to his fellow-sufferers, though, he says, with small hopes of success. Their success, however, in some measure, exceeded their expectations. Their satisfaction was inexpressibly great when they first perceived that the water was lowered, as it proved the hull was not hurt. Hope now inspired fresh vigour, and they redoubled their exertions. Soon after this, a vessel appeared in the haze at a distance. It proved to be an American ship on her way to Boston, the captain of which endeavoured to prevail on Mr. Luce not to venture any farther in his frail bark; but Mr. L. thinking, that as her hull was entire, he could yet take her safe into port, refused to listen to the friendly suggestions of the American captain. But his crew, though they had previously promised to remain, now determined to quit the wreck; and all, with the exception of Mr. Briard, the master, went on board the American. Mr. Luce was therefore left in this deplorable situation to make his way to Europe with only one associate of his perils and his toils. The water was still above the cabin-floor. On examining their stock of provisions, they found three hog-heads of water, 'two four-pound pieces of pork, besides a joint of fresh beef,' but plenty of salted and pickled fish, which they were, for some time, obliged to eat raw, till they had found means of kindling a fire. They worked hard at the pump, and

cleared the vessel of water. They at last were fortunate enough to discover some flints and steels, and, what they little expected, a magnetic needle, amongst the rubbish on the bottom of the cabin floor. On the 12th, they had the pleasure of obtaining a light. They could now kindle a fire to dress their fish, and in other respects felt a great change in their situation. When 'the fifteenth sun rose,' says Mr. Luce, 'we had the pleasure to see the bowsprit securely fixed as a jury-mast, and a sail hoisted on it.' 'Each revolving day brought on now the same thing to do, to steer, to fetch water from the hold, to dress our fish, and tend our sail, employed the whole of the day.' On the 26th of January, or forty-one days since they 'were upset,' they descried the joyful sight of land. This proved to be the Dursey island. Two Irish boats came along side with twelve men in each. They towed the vessel for some time, but, as the night set in, the author says, that they got entangled between the rocks and the island, and a storm seemed coming on. No intreaties could prevail on the crews in the boats to remain longer with the vessel. Mr. Luce and his companion were landed on the Dursey island. Our author and his faithful associate in adversity experienced a very humane reception at this place.

'The words addressed to me,' says Mr. Luce, 'by one of the boatmen, on my entering the house, have often come to my recollection; they were word for word as follows:—"This being Sunday, we were going to church when we first saw your vessel; judging, by her appearance, that some one might be in distress, we left the church and repaired to our boats. I hope we have done as meritorious an act before God as if we had attended our devotions,"'

We suppose, that these men were Catholics, but whether Catholic or Protestant, they showed, that they were not deficient in the true spirit of Christianity.

ART. 29.—*On the Education of Daughters: translated from the French of Abbé Fenelon, afterwards Archbishop of Cambray.* London, Darton, 1812, price 2s. 6d.

THE translator of the present volume presents it to the public with some diffidence, as she has rendered it almost literally into English. Her excuse for so doing, is, that she was so much struck with its usefulness and the beauty of its style in the original, that *she was unwilling to change the French idiom for the English.* We must beg leave to dissent from the translator in this point, as, if her version had been more animated, the work would have been more agreeable to the English reader. Fenelon is well known for his judicious opinions on education; and the translator has some claim to our thanks for publishing this useful tract at the moderate price of half-a-crown.

Alphabetical Catalogue, or List of Books published in June, 1812.

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A few Verses, English and Latin, 4s. 6d.

Ayrton, I. M. B.—Pharmacologia; or, The History of Medical Substances, 12mo. 8s.

A Tribute to the Memory of the Right Hon. Spencer Perceval, by a Friend.

An Effort to save his Country, by a British Islander, 2s. 6d.

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Calamities of Authors, 8vo. 2 Vols. 16s.

Colton, Rev. C. M. A.—Hypocrisy, a satirical Poem, 8vo.

Cartwright, John, Esq.—Six Letters to the Marquis of Tavistock on Parliamentary Reform.

Cursory Remarks on the Assassination of Spencer Perceval.

Clarke, D. E. LL. D.—Travels in various Parts of Europe, Asia, and Africa, Part II. 4l. 4s.

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Sussex, Duke of, on the Catholic Question, April 21, 1812, 4to. 3s.

Schools for all, in preference to Schools for Churchmen only, 2s.

Temple, Mrs.—Thoughts on Education, 12mo. 7s.

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Thomas, Rev. Josiah, M. A.—Remarks on some popular Principles, &c. 8vo. 6s.

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The late Ministerial Negotiations.

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Wiison, Daniel, A. M.—Substance of a Conversation with John Bellingham, 2s.

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